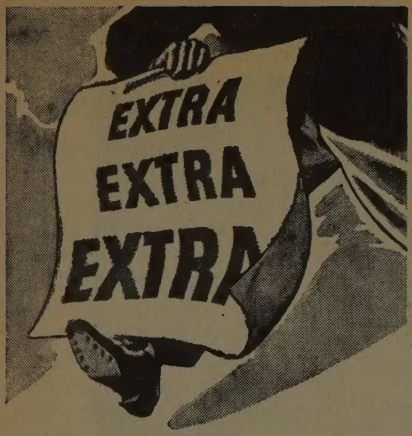

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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

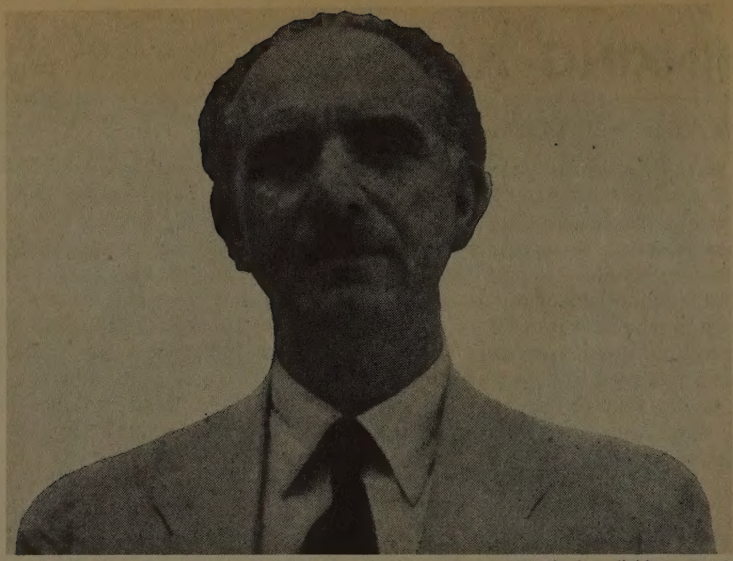
THE New Year sees the war well on the way to a finish, though not finished yet, and many complications arising in the various liberated territories. It is not supposed to be 'done' to say 'I told you so'. But I cannot think of any reason why those of us who have urged the Government to give attention to such 'minor' problems as Greece and the Balkans, and been firmly told to 'get on with the war', should not utter this supposedly caddish ejaculation.

LITTLE INFORMATION

GREECE undoubtedly springs to the mind. Events there are hideously complicated and confused; and information 'is in very short supply', for newspapermen as well as for newspaper readers. Meetings are being held in England all over the place, the Labour Party has been in conference assembled, and newspaper articles are being turned out by the dozen. Yet what is the overwhelming impression that Your Humble Servant gets from all this? It is that the speakers and the writers do not know what they are talking about! Now I do not intend any sort of insult or assault on the intelligence of these men and women. I mean simply what I say: that they do not know the facts, leave alone the background, and a reasonable appreciation of such background and history, ancient and modern. For this I can only blame the Government, and the press. Mr. Churchill is misunderstood. But whose fault is that? What have the authorities done to make the facts in Greece, and elsewhere, available to the public? And really the press has done very little for its part. Views, as opposed to 'security', are not censored in this country. Various pressures are, we all know, exerted. But they are really not pressures that a real man could not stand up against. Neither can I feel that I am over-stating the case when I say that the bulk (or the pulp) of the British press seems to have completely lost interest in presenting full and balanced information to its readers. What do we find? The dailies don't print anything about 'not-news countries' like Greece (or China), until something boils up there, and then they come over all sensational! The weeklies, which are supposed to provide further background, and also news from countries which are 'not news' for the dailies, do not seem to do so very adequately. They are surely all extremely 'partisan'. Take Greece again. What a distressing spectacle! 'Our boys are shooting down the workers of Greece' is the line taken by one group. 'Brandy-soaked Balkan Communists and bandits menace civilisation' is the line taken by the others. To return to the Prime Minister. Your Humble Servant, with other Progressives of more impressive calibre, has for many weary months been imploring him and his colleagues to state his policy about foreign, and domestic, affairs for the post-war period, and not keep saying 'Get on with the war', or in the words of the decaying performer, 'I think I shall be all right on the night.'

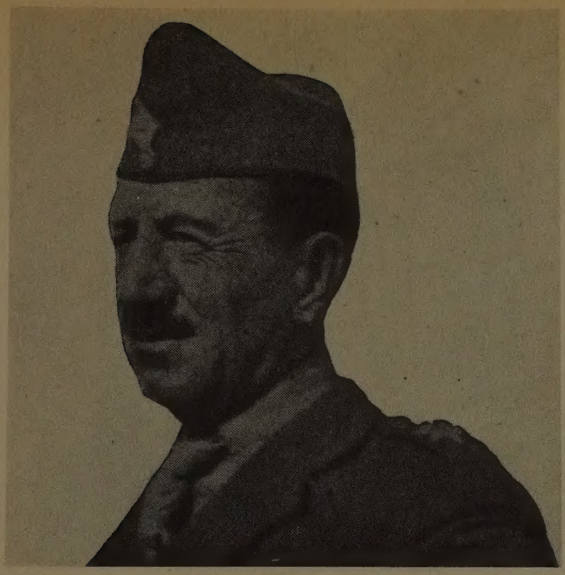
LIBERATION IN EUROPE

AS regards policy in Europe, we have besought him to pay at least lip service to the great principles of European liberalism. It has long been our case that the Continent of Europe possesses this in common with Britain: that it is the seat of an ancient liberal culture, and of the



M. PAPANDREOU, *Prime Minister of Greece. Accused of being a Fascist, Mr. Eden has called him a Socialist*

Liberal and Socialist movement of today, in contradistinction with the other two world blocs, the Soviet Union and the Pan-American Union. One might perhaps have imagined that the gallant heart, and the inspired imagination, of Mr. Churchill, who has even for a time enjoyed the privilege of membership of the British Liberal Party, would have felt moved by the liberal traditions in foreign affairs of such political ancestors as Lord John Russell and Palmerston. At the conclusion of the struggle against Buonaparte England would have none of the 'Holy Alliance', which was designed to perpetuate reactionary monarchies, and reintroduce privileged aristocracies. England under Canning and his successors threw in her lot with liberal forces all over the Continent. But even the Holy Alliance had a meaning. Indeed the reactionary intentions of the well-meaning Tsar, Alexander I, have probably been exaggerated by the older school of historians; and in any event, the aims of the Alliance were well known to the public. So were the aims of the European liberals, and of their English supporters. Today, although the world is supposed to have advanced a hundred years in democracy, we know a very great deal less about what the great ones of the earth are doing. What is the foreign policy of His Majesty's Government? Mr. Churchill has merely vouchsafed us this reply, 'Get on with the war —and Unconditional Surrender for Germany.' Not even a bare sketch of the European scene, as he pictures it forming itself after the conclusion of hostilities. Not a word about the essential Western Union. In fact, the only sentiments which the First Lord of the Treasury entertains, and which we have been privileged to note, have been his apparent tenderness for crowned heads. Now I think that his predilection for monarchs has been somewhat exaggerated; and it is in any case, in my submission, not of the essence of the case. Mr. Churchill has therefore done all the more disservice to his own prospects by permitting his



GENERAL SARAFIS, *commanding ELAS. Accused by Mr. Churchill of being a rebel*

liking for kings to be the only feature of his foreign policy to become known.

SECRET DIPLOMACY

EVERYTHING else is still 'wropped in mystery'. For months and months we could not get the Government to tell us anything about its Civil Aviation policy. We still know nothing about the future of our Merchant Navy, or about British export policy. And the subject of oil, which is sticky, but vital, to every inhabitant of the globe, is only discussed in secret conclave, behind very locked doors. There has probably never been more secret diplomacy than in the Year 1945 of 'The Century of The Common Man.' Even liberated France, which lies some twenty-five miles from our shores, remains a *terra incognita*, and a forbidden land. Even members of our sovereign Parliament, bidden to Paris by His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Plenipotentiary, may not set their feet in this alleged Reserve of the American Business Man. Though British aircraft are leaving half empty; though there exist other aeroplanes of a sort which could be used; and although a charming lady journalist of my acquaintance is said to be making the journey to Paris five times weekly; and is in fact 'commuting', as a high British official has expressed it.

We certainly can only guess at Mr. Churchill's policy for distracted Hellas. He is supposed to possess feelings of personal friendship and abiding loyalty to King George II of the Hellenes, added to the appeal which monarchs as a species are able to make to his romantic and picturesque disposition. Yet I do think that this has very likely been overemphasised; and that at any rate the King of the Greeks is not an important element in the present Greek struggle. There would undoubtedly have been a barrel of trouble in any event. A Greek politician, whose acquaintance I enjoy, was perfectly right some time before this unfortunate denouement when he remarked to me, 'It is not so much ideology in my native land. It is the fact

GENERAL NAPOLEON ZERVAS, *leader of EDES. Accused by Left of being Fascist, and by some of the Right as knowing more about the cognac than the campaigns of Napoleon. 'A correct man', according to Mr. Churchill*

that we Greeks are exceedingly quarrelsome people.' *Tot homines, tot sententiae.* If there are two million Greeks, I have little doubt there are near two million Greek political parties! The Hellenes have always been so interested in politics that they would all like to be Prime Ministers, or at least Cabinet Ministers or Generals. An enormous number have always succeeded in becoming politicians of some sort, and often enough editors of newspapers as well. The small city of Athens possesses far more daily newspapers than London; and its cafés in times of 'peace' are crammed with gentlemen debating politics, and gesticulating wildly. Neither have cohesiveness or unity ever been strong points with the 'Eldest Sons of Liberty.'

THE FUTURE IN GREECE?

As things are, we have probably been outsmarted by the Russians. Mr. Churchill is understood to have arranged with the Kremlin that Greece would fall into the British sphere. Civil war inevitably starts. The British decide to 'play the heavy', and 'preserve law and order'. The Muscovites rub their hands with glee. The British incur the odium of democrats throughout the world. Finally the British probably hold a perfectly free election, at which ELAS, or something extremely like it, is returned to power. And after this there is further trouble and bloodshed. Will the British go in again? And for how many years are they to go in again and preserve law and order? What was the good of leaving Ireland to her own semi-Celtic twilight, at the expense of the Irish ports, only to conjure up another Erin in the Mediterranean? And for pugnaciousness and quarrelsome combativeness the Irish have got nothing on the Greeks. Britain, or rather Britain-France, must have her world sphere? True, in my humble opinion. Britain must guard her Mediterranean 'lifeline' to the Suez Canal, and India and Australia and New

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL RONALD SCOBIE (*Task Com. Land Forces, Greece*)

Zealand? True also, I believe. Yet we should somehow have managed to do this whilst 'avoiding involvement' in Greek parish politics. Is there something to be learnt from Roosevelt's revision of United States Pan-American policy, usually known as his Policy of the Good Neighbour? Poor Uncle Sam used to rush bald-headed into the sweaty jungles of Cuba, and was eternally despatching marines to Nicaragua. But he does so no longer. Yet the United States is as strategically secure, or far more so, than ever, in both North and South America, in fact as snug as a bug in a rug. He has permanent bases in Cuba, and all over the place. But he no longer backs one side or the other in internal Latin-American politics, where revolutions go on as gaily as ever, and as perennially as the delightful carnivals.

There should have been an infinity of foresight in respect of what we were actually going to do in Greece and Yugoslavia. Yet there is precious little evidence of this. In Yugoslavia everything seems to have been left to the last minute; and our policy has been a complete welter of confusions. First we recognised Mihailovich as Minister of War. Now we have given him up; and our sentimentalists are repeating Russian statements that he has collaborated with the Germans, which he has not done. (Mr. Churchill, of course, has never made this specific allegation against him.)

The Prime Minister has had some unfair attacks made upon him for the more recent events in Greece. Self-styled British progressives have again taken a super-sentimental line. ELAS has been automatically identified with 'the workers', and 'the resistance'. The Greek Government of Mr. Papandreou has been called Royalist, and even Fascist; whereas it appears to be almost entirely Republican; and Mr. Papandreou himself is said to be a Socialist. The fact that our soldiers have been exposed to danger and death in the streets of Athens has also been unfairly exploited by the sentimental brigade. 'Why could we not

go to Greece, not as soldiers but as Byrons?' declaimed one excited young M.P. This line just about takes the biscuit! The picture of the British Expeditionary Force deploying on the shores of Hellas with frilly, open-necked shirts, and carrying volumes of romantic verse, could only occur in those minds in which sentimentality has produced a species of mental diabetes, and in which a morbid sugar has taken the place of the pristine grey matter. And even your very ill-informed Humble Servant has not found it difficult to notice that the bulk of these sentimentalists have seen fit to make speeches wildly wrong, not only in interpretation, but in facts; and have not taken the slightest trouble to get up such facts as are at hand. This is what saddens the more prosaic student. Whither is he to turn for friends who will be genuinely democratic, and truly liberal, without imbibing these unlimited quantities of unrationed mental sugar?

Fortunately Greece is not an important front against the Nazis. If it were, no doubt many of the wilder and wickeder men of ELAS would be 'fully employed', fighting the Germans, and earning what Byron craved—an honoured soldier's grave. Therefore we must speedily get out of Greek politics. Let us by all means have our bases after the war. Let us have bases also in Cyprus, after giving it Greek sovereignty. But let us see if we cannot get nearer to Roosevelt's policy of the Good Neighbour.

STETTINIUS

NOT that I want to fall into the other error of those of my fellow progressives who have gone sugary, and to belabour my own country in everything it does, whilst pointing to the wisdom and the humanity of all other lands. There is no need for the Americans to get all high-hat about British activities in Greece and Italy. Mr. Stettinius' utterance about the British in these countries was entirely uncalled for, and grossly insulting. If this is all that this big business tycoon can contribute to the science of diplomacy, it is already time for him to transfer his super-abundant energy back to his counting house. The U.S. authorities will have all their work cut out to efface the unfavourable effect which the utterly silly behaviour of their soldiers and business men is having in France.

Of course if we were only Russians things would be a deal easier! The Russians are busy deporting to Siberia those Balts and Poles whom they find a nuisance; and are pursuing a very similar policy in Roumania, Bulgaria and Serbia. And the outside world knows very little about it. Russian sentimentalists do not make speeches about it in the Russian Parliament. Mr. Edward Stettinius does not feel called upon to administer one of his evangelical rebukes. But we are not Russians. In our sphere of influence things cannot possibly be done in this way; and our Government should have realised this from the very beginning. In Italy, as opposed to Greece, there has long existed a considerably body of genuine liberals, with whom we should have co-operated from the start. We have not done this. In fact Mr. Churchill took early opportunities to insult every possible Italian faction, telling them to 'stew in their own juice'. Whilst an utterly idiotic campaign against Italian prisoners, and everything Italian, has been suffered to occupy valuable space in our leading popular journals. If we are not very snappy, the same thing is going to happen when we have conquered Germany. We shall have estranged every possible German liberal element by a policy of 'Walkerism,' and by other insults to the natural and legitimate pride of the German people. Meanwhile, unless we are very careful, we shall find

ourselves 'involved' in German internal politics, with results not dissimilar from those in Greece. Then we shall no doubt get one of our super-sentimentalists screaming, 'I would rather have my right hand cut off than order our British boys to fire on the German workers!' (To say nothing about the German 'resistance' and the 'German Communists' who will no doubt turn up all in good time.)

In Belgium, which has again found itself a very vital war area, it is not easy to see how we could have permitted the disruption of our communications. Once more, sentimentality has gushed forth in torrents of molasses about 'the Resistance'. There are actually umpteen 'Resistances' in the small kingdom of Belgium, one of which is plainly labelled 'Royalist'. As Mr. Churchill has duly said, it is difficult to understand why genuine Resisters are not willing to put their pistols down once the enemy have been driven away. Fighting the Germans does not give citizens the right to form a government by force. The ballot has been invented for forming democratic governments. In France, de Gaulle has put an end to this nonsense; and has been very generally applauded in this country. Belgium certainly forms an integral, and vital, part of the Western Union; and the attacks of the Soviet press on our soldiers (who were anyhow acting under American orders) in Belgium, are regrettable. On the subject of Greece the Kremlin has preserved a discreet silence. A similar attitude over Belgium would have been much appreciated. But again Mr. Churchill has undermined his own position, by failing months ago to place himself in the chair of Palmerston and Gladstone as the Champion of liberal forces in Europe. In Spain he had a cast-iron case. For if there is one man who stands on an equal footing with Hitler as the champion of everything that is beastly and disgusting in genuine European reaction and genuine Fascism, it is Francisco Franco. And our Prime Minister goes out of his way to utter 'fair words to Spain.' Surely it should be easy to show that we are real friends of the genuine Left in Europe by expressing our unmitigated disgust with Franco, and everything he stands for. French feeling of all shades feels extremely strong about this, and is angrily wondering just what is our game. Let us demolish Franco, which we could very easily do, by withholding our economic, and 'moral' support, and thus offer a genuine guarantee of friendship and co-operation to the real Resistance of France.

WISHFUL THINKING?

HERE'S wishing that the war will be over this year; and before the Germans have had time to develop and mature any more 'secret weapons'. Here's wishing that the Britain the men come back to will be a Britain which will rapidly become a better one, with selfish land-speculators banished. Let us hope that it will be a more beautiful, and a more cheerful, country. I hope that new housing estates will have not only houses, but churches, and pubs, and 'social centres', and certainly good reading and writing rooms, where there will be QUIET. Privacy and QUIET (with no wireless), are soon going to be amongst the very greatest luxuries in this world; and I hope they will not be reserved entirely for the more wealthy. A man is not a human being unless he has a room to himself; and without quiet there can be no kind of progress. Unkind critics would say that that is perhaps why the Soviet Union has not done too much about housing. For with room for meditation people are apt to think, and when they think they become liberals.

But we do not want to become liberals of the kill-joy variety. Our first

real association with France will, I trust, increase our appreciation of some of the good things of life, good wine, good food, even good coffee. There will certainly be no progress on the British Tourist Front after the war unless we improve our provincial, and 'holiday' hotels. Wine would be better for us than whisky, and a change from eternal beer. Wine we could have cheaply, if Customs dues were reduced. So let us fill our holiday hotels with good, cheap wine, let us put our licensing magistrates on the dole, and then we may stand a chance of beating the French, or at any rate the Yugoslavs or Albanians, at their own game, of making the visitor feel that he is an honoured guest, who is expected to enjoy himself.

'FEMINITY'?

WHETHER London will ever be much of a match for Paris in fashions for the ladies I can hardly say. It is not much of a match just at the moment, with all the restrictions to which our traders have to submit. Pictures of Paris ladies with enormously high heels, and high hats, have had to undergo a certain amount of criticism here. But it is not realised in England that the 'high fashion' trade in Paris salons is linked to the French textile industry, one of the leading industries of France. And the smartness of Paris brings the world to that city, to buy other pleasures as well; and the souls of good Americans are even said to hover in that Elysian air after death.

I was amused to hear from a very eminent person who had recently given lectures to British ATS and WAAFS. The discussion got on to the subject of life after the war. Somewhat to his surprise, almost all the girls wanted to go very 'feminine'. And by this they meant that they wished to wear something as unlike a uniform as possible. One speaker pointed out that a return to really 'feminine' clothes must mean going back to Victorian discomforts. Very few of the girls seemed to mind this. It was further pointed out that you cannot wear a really 'feminine' smart frock without real corsets, that you would have to wear high heels, and the dress would almost certainly have to be uncomfortably tight under the arms. A number of 'Service' women have certainly mentioned to me their great horror at having to return to the clothes they will be expected to wear after the war. Corsets with bones are their *bête noir*. Also, it seems certain that London dressmakers are using as much pressure as they can to get women to wear extremely narrow skirts. The idea of the hobble skirt is a terror for many women. In peacetime, too, women are expected to submit their feet to shoes which are far too tight for comfort. But the thought which annoys most women is the virtual certainty that after the war their knees, and perhaps also their ankles, will again be hobbled. Of course all this happened after the last war, owing to the similar shortage of materials. For a short time I can remember that ex-WAACS and WRENS were a comical sight, trying in vain to take long strides in skirts which severely restricted both their knees and their ankles. However, after swearing that they would adopt trousers, if they could not persuade their dressmakers to allow their legs more freedom, they soon meekly gave in. The WAAFS my friend spoke to expressed themselves as willing to adopt both corsets and shackled legs, just in order to look feminine and film-star-like. Most men will probably like it, after they have got used to the necessity to call for taxis for exhausted companions.

* * *

And thinking of after the war, 'feminine' fashions or not, the return of the taxi, and better transport generally, will be for many one of the crowning mercies of peace.

Concluding Mr. Drucker's article in last issue. Recent events have not materially affected his thesis.

EUROPE LEFT OUT!

PETER F. DRUCKER

III

THERE are two minimum conditions that have to be fulfilled if the Great Powers' plan is to carry Europe through the transition period: all Continental nations must subordinate their foreign policies to those of the Great Powers; and all Continental nations must be capable of producing in some way a stable and reliable government. This raises respectively the question of France and that of Germany. For France is the one European power most unlikely to accept a second-class position, and Germany is the nation most unlikely to be able to produce a government.

A great deal has been written about the disputes between de Gaulle's French National Committee and the Great Powers. The view has been widely expressed that these quarrels are motivated by personal opposition to General de Gaulle in London and especially in Washington. It is probably true that General de Gaulle has aroused a good deal of personal animosity. He could not have done what he did without a disproportionate share of self-confidence, conceit and fanaticism; and these are not qualities likely to make a man loved, particularly by his allies. But the conflict between the French National Committee and Washington and London cannot be explained as a conflict of personalities. There is a better reason: that official recognition of a French Government would at once raise the question of France's participation in the post-war settlement.

Immediately upon recognition the French Government—any French Government—would have to demand that France be regarded as a Great Power and be admitted as the fourth equal partner by America, Britain and Russia. That General de Gaulle could not take any other view of France's rôle in the post-war world is obvious. Indeed, his popularity with the French rests on his steady and unfaltering refusal to accept any solution other than the restoration of France to her full glory, and on his refusal to admit not only the reality of France's defeat, but also that of the causes which led to her defeat. But any other French leader would have to act the same way in order to be acceptable to the French people.

In 1918, France made the same claim and was accepted. Indeed, the Versailles settlement rested on the assumption that France was the first power in Europe. This assumption had proved unfounded even before 1933. And it would certainly be unjustifiable today by any objective criteria: population and age-distribution of the population, industrial resources, political prestige and strategic location. The opposition to de Gaulle is thus based on the refusal of the Great Powers to accept a claim blatantly at odds with the facts, and to repeat what at least two of them, England and Russia, consider to have been one of the major mistakes of Versailles.

For it is not just a matter of prestige whether a country counts as a Great Power or not. Few things are as dangerous to international peace as to accept as a Great Power a nation not capable of carrying that load. A Great Power must have an independent national policy and must be strong enough to live up to the obligations of such a policy. A Power that only pretends to be a Great Power can, however, do neither. It must thus either act irresponsibly, as did Italy under Mussolini, or it must seek backing for its policy in an alliance with a real Power. But it cannot subordinate its policy to that of its ally since it claims to be a Great Power and to have an independent policy. Thus, it demands of its ally what is, in effect, a blanket promise of unconditional support without any right of control. Failure on the part of the ally to give this blanket promise—and he cannot give it without abandoning his own independence—results in deep bitterness and recrimination. But if the promise is given—and it cannot be withheld without endangering the whole peace system—it must lead to deep resentment and opposition on the part of the more powerful ally. In either case, the result is bitterness between the partners to the alliance, leading to disunity and to inability to make decisions in either country.

A good example of the consequences of such an alliance which is based on the claim of a second-rate country to be a Great Power was the alliance between Imperial Germany and Austria-Hungary by which the Kaiser blindly underwrote the adventurous and irresponsible Balkan policy of an ally far too weak to bear the consequences. But the best example is that of the relations between France and the Western Powers

between 1918 and 1938. In order to be able to live up to the responsibilities she assumed as a Great Power, France had to demand an unconditional guarantee from England and America. It was the fear of giving this guarantee which, more than any other factor, underlay America's refusal to safeguard the peace which she had made. And it was the resentment against this guarantee which made England's policy in the post-war years so fatally indecisive, halting and planless.

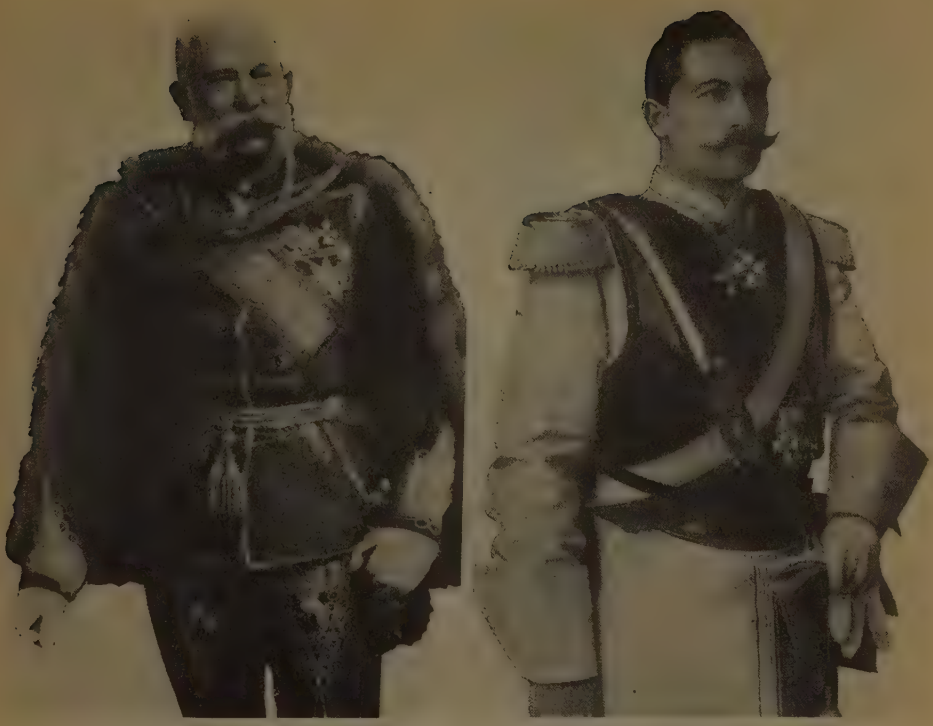
The decision not to admit France as a Great Power is thus fully justified by the facts; prominent participation in the military occupation of Germany—such as has been promised to General de Gaulle—is probably all that should be granted. Yet it is very doubtful whether the issue can be solved this way, even though it be the most reasonable way. Will France accept the solution—in fact, can France accept the solution? Under the Great Powers' Plan, France is given no alternative and no rôle such as, for instance, might be hers in a federated Europe. It might thus easily come to appear to Frenchmen that their country, while it ultimately won the war, was cheated out of the peace. It may perhaps be appropriate to recall that it was out of precisely such a feeling—based also on a conflict between Great-Power pretensions and Small-Power reality—that Mussolini came to power in Italy after the last war.

The question whether France can accept relegation to second rank will become acute at once—in fact, it has already become acute. The question whether Germany will be able to produce a stable government will, however, become acute only in a few years. For, at first, the country will be totally occupied and governed by the Great Powers. Even though Continental troops—French, Belgian, Polish, etc.—will probably do a good deal of the actual long-term occupation in the Anglo-American zone, the political and military control of occupied Germany will be exclusively in the hands of the three Great Powers. There is to be no destruction of German industry, at least not in the area under British and American administration which will contain the bulk of German heavy industry. In spite of the protests of the smaller European countries who fear German hegemony, German industry is to be used both for the production of war material against Japan and for the production of industrial goods needed in the rehabilitation of Europe. All this can be done without a German Government; indeed, at first, we shall probably refuse to deal with any government organs except purely local ones.

But none of the Great Powers will be willing to govern Germany for a very long time. The demand for recall and demobilisation of the American army of occupation will be pretty general in this country very soon after the cessation of hostilities. And the same will be true of Russia and England sooner or later—with five years an upper, rather than a lower, limit. The Continental countries could not keep up the occupation and government of Germany by themselves. And over the entire transition period will thus hang the question: who will ultimately govern Germany and on what lines?

Until recently, this question was usually discussed much in terms of 1918: whether Germany is to be a Great Power or not, whether she should be dismembered or not, etc. According to the view most often heard in popular discussions in this country, Germany will potentially remain a Great Power but must not be allowed to become one—a view leading to the demand for the cutting up of Germany or for the destruction of her industries. Three other policies have been advocated by influential statesmen and soldiers in London, Moscow and Washington. First, that Germany, being potentially a Great Power, must eventually be recognised and integrated into the international system as a Great Power. Second, that Germany has ceased to be a Great Power—at least for fifty years, perhaps for ever. Third—a view still held by influential circles—that Germany has become an inferior Power, but for the sake of the European balance must become a Great Power again. Each of these views, however different the conclusions from it, presupposes a responsible and reasonably stable government in Germany or in the parts into which Germany is to be cut up. To doubt whether there can be any government in Germany, whatever her organisation, is, therefore, to doubt equally the feasibility of all the policies toward Germany so far proposed. And it is precisely this doubt that has lately come up.

In no European country has Hitler destroyed the foundation of political, social and economic life as thoroughly as in his own. Nowhere have the political leaders of a post-Hitler society been exterminated as radically as in Germany. Nowhere is there greater hatred and suspicion between classes, groups and sections. There are no institutions of social life left except, perhaps, the churches. All the others have either become completely discredited through identification with Nazism, as law courts, schools and police, or destroyed like the press or the universities. What is left will undoubtedly be destroyed when Hitler falls, for the one country to which the

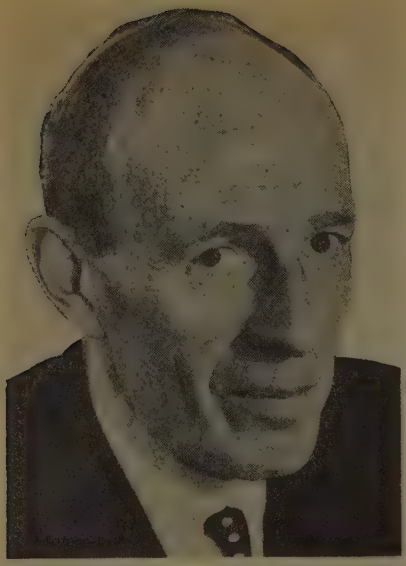


'An example of a weak power allied to a much stronger one—Austria and Germany'

scorched-earth policy is to be applied most ruthlessly is Germany herself.

There have lately been many warnings against accepting the German military or the German anti-Nazi democrats as peace partners. But the question is not with whom we want to make peace in Germany, but whether there will be anybody to make a peace. There never was any real chance of the restoration of the democratic republic in Germany if only because Hitler and his secret police have seen to it that there are no democrats alive to form a government. And even before the recent purge of the old officers' caste, the Junkers had lost all ability to succeed Hitler. They have no popular support. However destructive the purge has been to military morale, it was probably popular with the anti-aristocratic masses at home. The Junkers also have never been in control of the new army built up since 1935; it is remarkable how few of the German officers reported as killed or captured carried the old names of Prussia's military aristocracy or even Prussian names at all. Finally, the German military class will remain fully as identified with Nazism in the minds of the Germans as Badoglio remained identified with Fascism in the minds of the Italians.

But if Germany cannot form a stable government, the transition period cannot be resolved into a new European order. Neither Europe nor the Great Powers could demobilise. Such a perpetual provisorium would set the countries of Europe against each other as few of them could resist the temptation to enlarge their territories at the expense of a disorganised Germany. It would make the German question a grave threat to the unity of the Great Powers themselves. Finally—the worst threat—it might force or coax the Great Powers into sponsoring a new Hitler, if only to enable them to withdraw from the tedious and thankless job of governing Germany. Because they do not proclaim ideals of government and of political conduct on which they could establish a responsible German Government, they might have to establish an irresponsible one.



'Churchill hoped to base Great-Power status of Britain on a united Empire. Hence HALIFAX'S *sensational speech'*

It is clearly on such a development that the Nazi leaders have been pinning their hopes for a come-back ever since they realised the imminence of defeat. They intend to gamble on the chance that the Great Powers, caught in the choice between a chaotic Germany and a totalitarian Germany, will give their blessing to a new Fuehrer. It is the gravest charge against the abandonment of moral leadership in the peace plan of the Great Powers that it makes such a gamble appear a plausible one to the Nazi bosses.

IV

NEITHER the French problem nor the German problem, serious as they are, will become real threats to the peace settlement as long as the Great Powers remain unified in their support of the peace plan. Hence, the leaders of the Great Powers have all along placed the major emphasis on the relations between each other rather than on territorial, political or economic details. It has been from the start their major intention to work out a peace plan that is equally acceptable and equally to the interest of every one of the Great Powers. For as long as the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia can all support the peace settlement in Europe as most conducive to their own national interests, the peace is safe.

It has been assumed all along, particularly in this country, that the threats to the unity of the Great Powers would come either from Russia or from American isolationism. Examination of the actual plan reveals that either fear is unjustified. As for Russia, the peace plan coincides so perfectly with her interests that she may well demand that it become the permanent rather than the temporary settlement. There is nothing in it that is likely to arouse the opposition of American isolationists. In fact, it will be the internationalist who will not be satisfied by it, as it proposes no international agency and no restriction on national sovereignty, at least not on that of the Great Powers. There are only two assumptions regarding America's future international behaviour: that she keep up a substantial military establishment, and that she continue to refuse to accept hegemony of any Continental Power likely to be hostile to the United States. And there is nothing in these assumptions with which even the most ardent isolationist would quarrel.

But the very provisions which rid the plan of all exceptions likely to be made to it in the name of Russian or American national interest make it very difficult—not to say dangerous—for England to accept it. Under the plan, England is asked to give up her traditional position as the leading power of Europe. Politically and economically she is to be a non-European Power. Traditionally it was in her position as the leader of Europe on which rested England's claim to be a Great Power. The question arises whether she can keep a Great-Power status without being the leader of Europe.

In a remarkable article some months back, the London *Economist* said bluntly that England by all standards is only potentially a Great Power. In population, industrial resources and strategic position, she is overshadowed, not only by the United States and Russia, but by Germany as well. She can only be a Great Power as the head and leader of a combination of nations. At the same time her economic structure makes it absolutely essential to the physical survival of the population that she be a Great Power. How then can she accept the peace plan of the Great Powers which asks her to abdicate as the leader of Europe?

It is obvious that Mr. Churchill fully realises all this. According to all reports, he fought hard against the Great-Power Plan. When he was finally forced to accept it, he did so only because he expects to be able to base the Great-Power status of Britain on a closely integrated British Empire. Hence the sensational speech made by Lord Halifax in Montreal a few months ago, in

which he raised the demand for a unified empire with a unified foreign and military policy; hence, too, the report that these very demands were presented by Mr. Churchill himself to the recent Commonwealth Conference of Dominion Premiers in London. But Lord Halifax's speech in Montreal was at once attacked by Prime Minister King of Canada in an unusually sharp manner and the Dominion Premiers seem to have turned a deaf ear to every one of Mr. Churchill's proposals at the Commonwealth Conference. One of the most noticeable features of the recent monetary discussion at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, was the unsuccessful attempt of the Dominions and of India to obtain the transfer of their frozen sterling balances from London to New York.

Opposition to Mr. Churchill's plan for a unified empire is not confined to the Dominions and to India, but can also be found in England—both on the right and on the left. For, it is argued, in such a unified empire, England would soon lose her dominant rôle and would become a vassal of her Dominions. Imperial policy, instead of being governed by broad considerations of imperial welfare, would soon become subordinated to the local interests of the overseas Dominions, which would defeat the very purpose of Mr. Churchill's plan.

Hence the demand that Great Britain become again the leading Power in Europe has been voiced both by Empire spokesmen and by British leaders. The first to come out publicly in opposition to the plan of the three Great Powers was Field Marshal Smuts of South Africa, who demanded that Britain organise a federation of Western Europe, comprising the Scandinavian countries, the Low Countries and France. In England the main proponent of such a view is Mr. Churchill's closest colleague and possible successor, Mr. Anthony Eden. He has backed de Gaulle and France against his chief and against Washington, and the Polish Government in London against Moscow. He has repeatedly, though cautiously, voiced his belief in a federation of Western Europe; he was responsible for the—officially denied—proposals of federation with England made to Belgium, Holland and Norway. Under his guidance England has also been working to bring about a united front of the Colonial Powers—Britain, France, Belgium and Holland—in international affairs. Some independent publicists who used to be rather close to Mr. Eden in pre-Munich days—notably F. A. Voigt, formerly of the *Manchester Guardian*, and Vernon Bartlett, England's best known liberal news commentator—have gone even further and have

MACKENZIE KING, *Prime Minister of Canada, repudiated Halifax's speech. Has never been much of a friend of the United Kingdom. Now in trouble over conscription*

suggested that a rejuvenated Germany would have to be brought as a partner into such a federation of Europe.

These ideas are in radical contrast to the Three-Power Plan. For, while a British-led federation of Europe would not be anti-Russian or anti-American, formation of such a federation would invalidate the foundation on which this country and the Soviet Union will have put their post-war policies. Also, such a British-led European Federation would have to be based on an ideological foundation—most probably a form of 'Tory-Socialism' opposed alike to Russia's denial of civil liberties and to America's insistence on free enterprise.

It is very doubtful whether England will attempt such a policy—and even more doubtful that she will succeed if she does. But if the Great-Power Plan should fail to give a working basis for the transition period, i.e. if it fails to solve the French and German problems, the alternative posed by England may well come to appear as the only way to a permanent settlement. And for this reason alone, England is likely to emerge as the pivotal Power in the Council for Europe and English policy as the dynamic element in the European picture.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, M.P.

LORD CASTLEREAGH

It is no exaggeration to say that before the war the average Englishman was not only extremely ignorant about life and conditions in the Soviet Union, but that there were very few who were anxious to learn more. The difficulty of the language made it hard to pronounce—let alone remember—names, but it must be conceded that very little effort to do so was ever made. Russia in pre-war days was very definitely a 'special subject'. Now all that is changed. Everywhere there is a keen desire for information about Russia. Army officers find that this is a very popular subject for lectures among other ranks and, in spite of some excellent pamphlets by A.B.C.A., most of them find themselves at a disadvantage. The unit in which I was serving was sent overseas shortly after Hitler's unheralded attack on the Soviet Union. On the long journey out all of us used to take a hand at lecturing, and I used to describe my visits to Germany and my meetings with prominent Nazis at the time of the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936. I found that I was frequently being asked to talk about Russia, but when it came to the point, I was sadly ignorant about details and could only give a very indistinct outline of modern Russian history.

It is impossible to exaggerate the part that has been played by our gallant Allies in destroying the Nazi menace. An Allied victory would have been impossible without that supreme effort. In that respect the Prime Minister's recent words at Moscow cannot be bettered: 'I have always thought, and I think now, that it was the Russian Army which clawed the guts out of the Nazis.' It is always easy to be wise after the event but it must be admitted now that, had a state of friendly co-operation and not mutual mistrust prevailed between the Soviet Union and ourselves in the pre-war years, then Hitler and his Nazis would never have been permitted to arrive at a position of power which was beyond our efforts to control. It is also the general opinion among all thoughtful people that the future peace of the world depends entirely upon the three Great Powers—U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and ourselves—working together in a spirit of harmony.

There are doubtless many ways by which the British and Russian peoples may become better acquainted. An interchange of visits by ex-Servicemen is an obvious one; our men would wish to see historic Stalingrad, and the Russians to see the bomb damage of London for a start. More important is that the younger generations should become known to each other. This friendship would start as the result of an alliance against a common foe, and would be entirely free from those unfortunate suspicions which marred our relations in the inter-war years. There is, however, another and by far the most effective method, and that is the promotion of sporting events between our two countries.

The British have attained pre-eminence in all forms of sport, but it is the spirit in which they play their games that has done so much to develop the national character. It is very difficult to describe this spirit; it is quite impossible to explain it to many foreigners, but anyone who attended the Berlin Olympiad in 1936 will have noticed the difference between the British and the Germans in their attitude towards sport. The organisation on the part of the Germans was truly magnificent; it can rarely have been equalled, but the spirit of chivalry which is the essence of our interpretation of sport was entirely sacrificed to a bombastic glorification of Hitler and Nazism. The whole atmosphere was unreal, and left an unpleasant taste in the mouth of every British visitor.

In Britain the spirit of sport permeates everything. There is no mistaking the electric atmosphere all over the country on Derby Day. There is, too, everywhere an air of expectancy on the

day of the Cup Final at Wembley. Even in the House of Commons I used to notice that a very distinguished statesman was always preoccupied and *distrait* when his beloved Worcestershire was playing Yorkshire at cricket. This love of sport appeals to young and old alike. Ask a number of schoolboys what they know about Australia and nine out of ten will mention Don Bradman. I was myself brought up in a keen political atmosphere, but I must admit that, as a boy in the years just after the war, the activities of Jack Hobbs or Jimmy Wilde occupied my attention to the exclusion of those of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. Naturally, with everything subordinated to winning the war, sport has had to take a back seat, but I believe that once the war is over there will be a boom in sport which will make the one that followed the Great War look very small indeed.

I myself am very ignorant about conditions governing sport in U.S.S.R. So, I imagine, are most people in England. I am, however, convinced that there is a keen desire everywhere to see how our Allies conduct themselves on the field of sport. I know that there is a lot of Association Football played in Russia, though it is organised on a totally different basis from that prevailing in Great Britain. Unlike our clubs, their teams are recruited from, and run by, industrial groups. A rough parallel would be if the miners in an area like Northumberland formed a Sports Club and from it selected a football team to represent them in the national competitions. The general public is wildly enthusiastic about football, and it is undoubtedly the national game. I am told that the Russians play football of a very high standard and that their crack team, 'Red Star', is every bit as good as the best of our League sides. I am, therefore, desirous of seeing a representative team from the Soviet Union pay a visit to this country and play a series of matches. The ideal would be for such a team to plan its tour somewhat on the lines of an Australian Test team—that is, to play a number of matches all over the country with representative games against England, Scotland, Wales and N. Ireland. In view of Eire's neutrality in this war, it is doubtful if the side would wish to visit Dublin. Perhaps a programme of fixtures against various individual clubs would be too ambitious though, as Chairman of the Arsenal Football Club, I am most anxious that we should entertain the Russian visitors at our own ground at Highbury. However, I have no doubt that the four representative games would cause widespread interest in the British Isles and would provide the greatest stimulant to the promotion of closer relations. It is beyond any doubt that the visits of touring sides from the Dominions has always led to a quickened interest in all matters concerning the Mother Country and the component parts of the Empire. A similar effect would be caused by a visit from a Russian side to Great Britain. This would, of course, be followed by a return visit of a British team to the Soviet Union.

Many teams from abroad have visited these shores and several English Clubs have experience of tours on the Continent. Some, it is true, through bad management, have not had the desired effect, but these have been the exceptions. The Arsenal F.C., under the able management of Mr. George Allison, had a most successful tour in Scandinavia. To the players themselves it was a valuable experience which undoubtedly broadened their outlook. Their sporting style of play appealed to the people and led to an increased interest in everything British which no amount of normal diplomacy could ever have achieved. Again, in pre-war days the annual match of the Arsenal against the Racing Club in Paris was one of the great sporting events of the season, and it is significant that already the Arsenal have received an invitation to renew the fixture. I may be accused of prejudice, but I have always regarded our Arsenal players as ambassadors of sport. It is because I believe that so much can be accomplished by games played in the right spirit that I am a keen advocate of an early meeting at Association Football of two teams representing the Soviet Union and Great Britain.

I do not know whether the Olympic Games will be revived. If they are, I for one hope that they will be modified in regard to the number of events so that they conform more to the old Grecian ideal. Anyway, they cannot take place for a considerable time. There is, however, nothing to prevent the organisation of a series of football matches between Britain and Russia as soon as hostilities are over. I am not concerned with details; all I am concerned with is the spreading of an idea which should become one of the major post-war attractions. A team of Soviet footballers would receive a welcome such as has been accorded to no other visiting team before. There would immediately be a redoubled interest in our ally and a wish to learn more about the Russians. This can only result in mutual benefit, as it has been mainly ignorance which has been the cause of so much previous suspicion. We have fought side by side as allies; now let us meet in friendly rivalry in sport. If the Russians display the same determination on the football field as they have on the field of battle, then Britain will indeed have to look to her laurels.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MIHAILOVICH?

It is essential that we should know more of the truth about Yugoslavia as about Greece. There are in Britain today soldiers of Mihailovich who have fought against the Germans, but are now accused of being German agents. All they ask is a fair English trial. This article, by a reliable contributor, provides many facts which most of the British Press have conveniently ignored.

EDWARD HULTON

R. V. ELSON

NOTE: *The British Press has just carried a report that General Mihailovich and the members of his staff have been evacuated to Italy by an Allied transport aircraft. This is completely erroneous. Mihailovich is at date of writing, 13 December 1944, in Eastern Bosnia with 50,000 troops, and appealing to the Allies to take his troops under their command to fight the Nazis. This request is supported by the U.S. Military Mission.*

WITHIN recent weeks there have arrived in England a number of men who fought as Chetniks in the army of Draja Mihailovich. Theirs is a highly anomalous position. They fought against Germany during the invasion of Yugoslavia. When the Yugoslav General Staff surrendered, they took to the mountains and joined the forces of Mihailovich. They were captured or arrested by the Germans at various times from early 1942 until February 1944. They were questioned, tortured, imprisoned, and finally they were sent to work in the mines of France and Luxembourg. Escaping from the mines, they joined up with the Maquis and took a small part in the battle of France. After a thorough vetting by the British and American authorities, they were passed as O.K. and brought to England. But now that they have arrived in England, they find that the better part of the British Press refers to their ex-Commander as a war criminal, and that the Yugoslav Government domiciled in London takes the stand that Mihailovich is a German agent.

The Chetniks are unequivocal in their reaction to these accusations. 'If Mihailovich is a war criminal, then we are war criminals,' they say. 'If we are war criminals, then we should be arrested. For our own part we should welcome the opportunity of defending ourselves before an English Court of Law.'

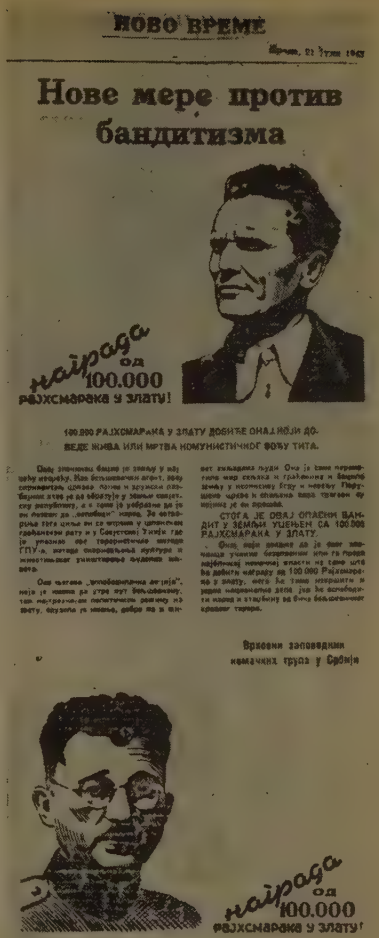
Whether Mihailovich was right or wrong politically is something that the reader will have to decide according to his own political views. But the question of political 'rightness' must be separated from the charge of collaborating with the Germans. There are, for example, informed newspapermen who support Tito to the hilt, but admit frankly that, thus far, the Partisans have failed to provide any proof that Mihailovich was in cahoot with the Germans. Whatever one believes politically, if it is untrue that the Chetniks collaborated with the Germans, then the charge that they *did* collaborate with them constitutes an injustice that cannot be overlooked. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive a grosser injustice than that of branding as German agents men who have been tortured by the Gestapo or who have given their lives fighting against the Germans.

Here we touch upon a delicate point. Between ourselves and our Russian Allies there are admitted differences of interest, of temperament, of mentality. There is nothing surprising about this. Such differences must exist within the warmest of alliances. But we look upon the world with such different eyes that sometimes we receive the most conflicting impressions of the same people or the same events. In the case of the English and American peoples, accustomed to dispute among themselves and to dispute with each other, one can say the nastiest things about Churchill or Roosevelt, about John Bull or Uncle Sam—and still remain a solid patriot. In the case of the Russians, on the other hand, accustomed to a one-party régime and to unanimous agreement on all matters of policy, the graduation of nuances that characterises parliamentary democracies is something quite incomprehensible. Whereas our own political spectrum ranges from red to the colour of the old school tie, in the Russian spectrum there are only two colours—white and black. (The scientific end of this metaphor is a bit inaccurate, but no matter.) Mere differences of opinion do not exist. Either one is *for*—or one is an enemy agent.

This conflict in outlooks is unfortunate, but it

is much better to discuss it frankly than to pretend that it does not exist. The people of the Lublin Committee may have been quite accurate when they described General Bor as a man of strong anti-Soviet opinions. But who could believe the Free Yugoslav radio when, during the tragic days of the battle of Warsaw, it informed the world that General Bor 'favoured the alliance with the so-called Armed Military Force created by Polish Hitlerites and closely connected with the Gestapo'? (Broadcast of 12 September 1944). Henrik Ehrlich and Victor Alter, the two leaders of the Jewish Socialist Party of Poland who were executed in Kuybishev in early 1943, may indeed have been critical of the Russian régime. But again, what Jew or what Socialist could have believed the Soviet Press when it described Ehrlich and Alter—men who had been in the forefront of the struggle against Nazism—as 'German agents'?

In approaching the problem of Tito and Mihailovich, one is hampered not only by this difference in outlook between Communists and non-Communists, but also by the one-sided presentation from which Yugoslav news has suffered. When the Allies supported Mihailovich, the Partisans failed to receive credit for the fighting they were doing, and the Yugoslav section of the B.B.C. abused them as bandits and murderers. (It should be pointed out, however, that since the Communist press did not announce Tito to the world until the end of July 1942, the 'bourgeois' press can hardly be blamed for neglecting Tito until that time.) When the Allies shifted their support to Tito, the B.B.C. and the Allied press veered to the opposite extreme. Day after day the press carried the communiqués of Tito, accusing Mihailovich of almost every crime in the catalogue of crimes. When Mihailovich issued denials, the denials were ignored; when he issued communiqués, the communiqués were ignored; when the Axis press attacked him or when Axis communiqués spoke of actions against the Chetniks, the Axis press and the Axis communiqués were ignored. To quote but one example: on 23 August 1943, the Axis-controlled press printed an offer of a reward of 100,000 gold marks for Tito, dead or alive, and of another 100,000 gold marks for Mihailovich, dead or alive. This offer made the headlines in both Britain and the U.S.A. But in some strange manner when the press and the B.B.C. got around to reporting it, it was reduced simply to—100,000 gold marks for the head of Tito! Even if one believes everything that the Communist press says about Mihailovich, surely it is impossible to defend so unfair a presentation of the news?


НОВО ВРЕМЕ

Нове мере против бандитизма

најрада од 100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ!

100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ ДОБИЋЕ ОНАЈ КОЈИ ДОВЕДЕ ЖИВА ИЛИ МРТВА КОМУНИСТИЧКОГ ВОЂУ ТИТА.

СТОГА ЈЕ ОВАЈ ОПАСНИ БАНДИТ У ЗЕМЉИ УЦЕЊЕН СА 100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ.

Врховни заповедник немачких трупа у Србији

најрада од 100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ!

100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ ДОБИЋЕ ОНАЈ КОЈИ ДОВЕДЕ ЖИВА ИЛИ МРТВА ВОЂУ БАНДИ ДРАЖУ МИХАЈЛОВИЋА.

СТОГА ЈЕ ОВАЈ ОПАСНИ БАНДИТ У ЗЕМЉИ УЦЕЊЕН СА 100.000 РАЈХСМАРАКА У ЗЛАТУ

Врховни заповедник немачких трупа у Србији

Proof. Here is an Axis-controlled paper offering a reward for Tito, and also for Mihailovich. The British Press and B.B.C. conveniently omitted Mihailovich

The conflict between Tito and Mihailovich was nothing less than a full-scale civil war, fought with all the intensity and violence of the Balkans. There were major engagements, general offensives (Tito speaks of two general offensives against the Chetniks), mass executions, and reprisals. In the heat of the conflict there was a good deal of exaggeration and a fair amount of lying on both sides. Indeed, one of the few things that can definitely be said about this most complex of all situations is that false and exaggerated charges were made by both Partisans and Chetniks, and that the real issues underlying the civil war had nothing to do with the question of who collaborated with the Germans against whom.

This does not rule out the possibility of limited accommodations with the enemy on either side. C. J. Sulzberger, *New York Times* correspondent, reported from Cairo in July 1943 that 'there has been evidence from time to time that the Partisans and Chetniks . . . have been so embittered against each other that they have accepted Axis aid in an effort to exterminate each other.' In this endeavour, it goes without saying, the Axis was only too delighted to help them.

From the standpoint of the Axis it was sound strategy to promote conflict within the forces of resistance by every underhand means. From the standpoint of the forces of resistance, on the other hand, not every act of 'accommodation' necessarily involved treachery. It all depended on the nature of the accommodation. For example, it was a common practice to exchange enemy prisoners against enemy arms. This was an accommodation of sorts, but no one could question its propriety. Then again, in the Italian and Bulgarian Army there were many units who had little heart for fighting and who were quite prepared to turn over quantities of arms in return for an understanding that the guerrillas would not launch a direct attack on the garrison itself. Sometimes, indeed, they were even prepared to promise that they would remain neutral in the event of a conflict between the guerrillas and the Germans. Such accommodations may be questionable, but certainly a case can be made for them. 'Accommodations' which involved subordination to any of the forces of occupation or which involved assisting the Axis in the war against the Allies were equally condemned by both sides.

Both Chetniks and Partisans had certain charges to proffer against each other to which there was a measure of truth. The only charge for which the Partisans have been able to provide any evidence is that, in certain areas and on certain occasions, Chetnik groups associated with Mihailovich made 'accommodations' with the Italians. Such accommodations did, in fact, exist. It would be difficult in the space of a single article to deal adequately with the question of 'collaboration'. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to one of the most celebrated cases, that of Ilya Trifunovich Birchanin, Commander of Chetniks, who was accused of having collaborated with the Italian forces of occupation in Dalmatia.

Trifunovich Birchanin was one of the heroes of the last war and was one of the small group of men directly responsible for the revolution of 27 March, which brought Yugoslavia into the war on the side of the Allies. After the collapse of the Yugoslav Army he escaped to Dalmatia, where he became the leader of a body of Chetniks.

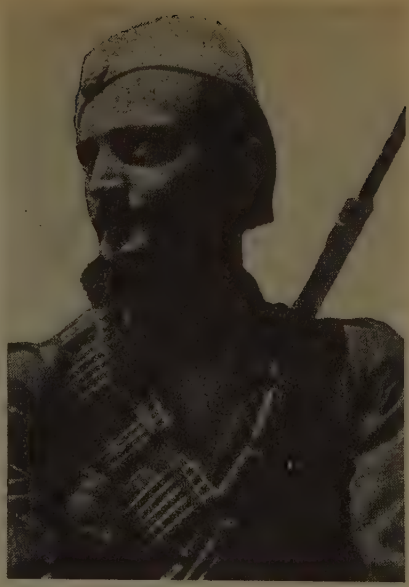
During the summer and autumn of 1941 there took place the terrible massacres of the Serbian population in Croatian territory. The chief perpetrators were the notorious Ustashi militia of the Croat Quisling, Ante Pavelich. How many people were killed in these massacres it is difficult to say. Tito himself has placed the figure of those killed by the Ustashi and Nazis in 1941 at 500,000. But whether the number was 200,000 or 500,000, the scale of the massacres was monstrous, and for sheer fiendishness they surpassed anything ever perpetrated by the Nazis.

Partly out of political considerations, and

partly because they were horrified by the atrocities of the Ustashi, the Italians in Dalmatia acted as the protector of the Serbs. Their political motivations were obvious: their territorial ambitions were directed against the lands of the Croats, and since they could look for no sympathy from the Croat people, it was patently to their advantage to enlist the support of at least the neutrality of the Serb minority in Dalmatia. They gave asylum to tens of thousands of Serbs fleeing before the Ustashi cut-throats. Their press carried numerous reports sympathising with the victims of the massacres. They offered arms to the Serbs with which to defend themselves. And in protecting the Serbs they even clashed on several occasions with Ustashi troops.

A people being massacred does not ask questions about motivations. The Chetniks of Trifunovich Birchanin took the arms proffered by the Italians and defended their fellow-Serbs against the Ustashi. Subsequently, when the civil war with the Partisans broke out, these arms were used against the Partisans. At the time of the Ustashi massacres, not even the Partisans criticised the Serbs in Dalmatia for accepting arms from the Italians. But when Partisans were shot by Italian rifles wielded by Chetniks, the cry of 'treachery' arose.

According to Chetnik sources, though there existed certain local accommodations with the Italians, there never existed anything that remotely resembled a general entente or a general armistice. There are records of clashes between Chetniks and Italians running all the way from June 1941 up until the collapse of Italy. German communiqués speak of Italians participating in the drive against Chetnik and Partisan forces in Montenegro during the summer of 1943. And when the harbour of Split was seized by Yugoslav patriots after the collapse of Italy, the men of Mihailovich and the men of Tito fought side by side against the German beseigers. 'Accommodations' with the Italians, it is pointed out, took place only in those regions where there were starvations and massacres. In most cases what was involved was accommodation at a distance that left the 'collaborators' independent to act against the Germans, the Ustashi, and, since there was a civil war, against the Partisans. Birchanin, at the same time as he accepted arms from the Italians, carried on economic sabotage and submitted regular reports on Italian shipping and troop movements which were duly forwarded to the Allies. Pavle Djurishich, Chetnik Commander in Northern Montenegro, whom the Partisans described as one of the chief 'collaborators', was captured by the Germans during their campaign against the resistance forces in the summer of 1943, and immediately shipped to a concentration camp in Germany. (He recently escaped from the concentration camp in which he was detained and made his way back to Yugoslavia.)



Soldiers of Mihailovich. Readers are at liberty to call these soldiers of Tito. The British Press has already altered captions in this pleasant fashion

There were certain elements, like Jevdjevich in Dalmatia, who subordinated themselves completely to the Italians. But Jevdjevich, though he claimed to be a Chetnik Commander, was never recognised by Mihailovich, who quite agreed with the Partisans that Jevdjevich had sold himself to the Italians. Mihailovich, for that matter, disapproved of 'accommodations' with the Italians at any distance, although at the time of the massacres it was impossible to forbid the taking of arms from the Italians. The difficulty of maintaining communications with the various parts of the country made the imposition of a uniform discipline very difficult. Nevertheless, early in 1943 Mihailovich sent a special envoy to Dalmatia with instructions to reconstitute the Chetnik forces, replacing those officers who had made 'accommodations' with the enemy by officers who could be relied upon to pursue a policy of resistance to all the forces of occupation; and, having done this, he was to withdraw the Chetnik forces into the mountains. This task was

Mihailovich drinking with a Serbian peasant woman. Countless pictures show him in a democratic attitude. Tito is more often photographed sitting below a pompous photograph of himself

partially accomplished when the envoy was arrested by the occupation authorities.

The Partisans say that Mihailovich entered into an alliance with the Italian General Staff and in support of this they have printed a photograph purporting to show Mihailovich in the company of Italian officers at Dubrovnik. To this Mihailovich has replied that at the time the photograph was supposed to have been taken, he was many miles from Dubrovnik in the company of the British military attaché, Colonel Hudson, who never left his side for more than two hours at a time.

So much for the matter of 'collaboration' with the Italians. While they frankly admitted the existence of limited accommodations with the Italians under special conditions, the Chetniks indignantly repudiated all charges of collaboration with the Germans—and on this score they had some charges of their own to make against the Partisans. The Germans, according to the Chetniks, were their real enemies; the Italians they regarded as incidental enemies, hardly worthy of any more dignified emotion than contempt. Indeed, if 'the enemy' could be subdivided on the basis of the effectiveness of 'the enemy's' several national components, then the Germans were 99 per cent of 'the enemy', and the Italians a poor one per cent, if not a minus quantity. In the Chetnik code there was no forgiveness for those who had collaborated actively with the Germans. Many were the collaborators who were assassinated by Chetnik 'black *troikas*' (black trios). As late as March of last year, Ceka Djordevich, Chief of Police of Belgrade, and Colonel Masslovich, *Chef de Cabinet* to the Quisling Nedich, both of whom had collaborated with the Germans in organising attacks on Mihailovich's units, were 'liquidated' by Chetnik *troikas*.

Negative propositions are difficult to prove conclusively. The fact that the Germans offered 100,000 gold marks for the heads of both Tito and Mihailovich; the fact that the Axis press abused Tito and Mihailovich in virtually the same terms; the fact that Madame Mihailovich died in a German concentration camp, where she was being held hostage; the fact that in August of this year the Americans evacuated from Chetnik territory 260 Allied airmen who had been rescued at various times by the Chetniks at an estimated cost of 1,000 Chetnik lives; the fact that British and American military missions have reported positively on Mihailovich and that the Americans still maintain a representation at Chetnik headquarters; the fact that, with the sole exception of Colonel Losich, the men who made the revolution of 27 March and brought Yugoslavia into the war against Germany, still support

Girls who would give their lives for Mihailovich and Serbia

Mihailovich—all these facts may not be sufficient to prove that Mihailovich *did not* collaborate with the Germans. But certainly they place a terrible burden of proof on the prosecution.

And now for the charges made by the Chetniks. The Chetniks on many occasions complained that while their own code called for death for those who had actively assisted the Germans, the Partisans accepted the most notorious collaborators into their own ranks, and, what is more, rewarded them with important positions.

Of all the Quisling groups in Yugoslavia, the Ustashi militia of Ante Pavelich, Puppet Fuehrer of Croatia, was the most notorious and the most hated. The Ustashi militia was the Croat equivalent of the S.S. Guard. Its officers were all fanatical Fascists and the rank-and-file were hand-picked cut-throats, for whom no work was too dirty or too bloody. The Ustashi militia came into existence during the invasion of Yugoslavia, when it rose to attack the Yugoslav Army in the rear. It was responsible for the terrible massacres of the summer of 1941. And it provided the bulk of the recruits for the Croat units fighting against the Red Army.

Though Mihailovich frequently appealed to the Domobran, or Croat Regular Army, to come over to his side, he refused as a matter of principle to appeal to the Ustashi. The Partisans, on the other hand, took the stand that each Ustashi officer or Ustashi militiaman who came over to their side was one less enemy to fight, and in line with this they frequently appealed to the Ustashi Army. (Tito's most recent appeal gives the Ustashi until 15 January to 'come over'.) To this stand Mihailovich replied that, as far as he was concerned, there could be only one treatment for the members of the Ustashi Army from the highest to the lowest ranks—death. And even though this policy might result in the loss of more lives, Yugoslavia would have to be purged of such elements, no matter what the cost.

After the collapse of Italy, when it became evident even to the purblind that Germany had no chance of winning the war, thousands of Ustashi militiamen and some hundreds of Ustashi officers, taking advantage of Tito's appeal, came over to the side of the Partisans. The ex-Ustashi Commander, Colonel Suleyman Filipovich, who came over to the Partisans after the Italian armistice, was rewarded a few months later with a Ministry in the provisional government of seventeen set up by Tito in November 1943. The ex-Ustashi Commander, Colonel Marko Mesich, who was praised by the Axis

press for deserting the Yugoslav Army during the invasion, who fought in Russia from September 1941 until he was taken captive at Stalingrad, and who was twice decorated with the Iron Cross, was made Commander of the Yugoslav Unit fighting with the Red Army. The ex-Ustashi General Josip Skorpich, who is also accused of having deserted from the Yugoslav Army in 1941, one day decided to change sides—and immediately blossomed forth as a Partisan General. And so on through a very lengthy list.

Civilian ex-collaborators were also accepted uncritically. The well-known Croat poet, Vladimir Nazor who after the invasion wrote rabidly chauvinistic poems for the Fascist press (his first effort was an ode to Pavelich which appeared in the Ustashi organ *Spremnost* on 8 August 1941) was appointed first President of the Council of National Liberation of Croatia and a member of the Præsidium of the Anti-Fascist Council of the Committee of National Liberation. The well-known Croat sculptor, Antun Augustinchich, Vice-President of the Anti-Fascist Council of the Committee of National Liberation before he joined the Partisan movement, created a bust of Pavelich that was widely reproduced in the Fascist press.

'The Partisans accuse us of collaborating with the Germans,' said the Chetniks. 'But they cannot produce a single authenticated case of an ex-Quisling being accepted by our movement, let alone being rewarded with high honours and with positions of importance. Whereas in their movement there are many such elements.'

* * *

We have already pointed out that the charges and counter-charges *re* collaboration with the enemy had little to do with the actual causes of the civil war. It was a strange thing, this civil war in Yugoslavia. Every now and then the pressure of events would compel Partisans and Chetniks to give up their internecine struggle and to collaborate with each other against the common foe. There were instances of such collaboration during the German campaign in Montenegro in the summer of 1943. And, as we have already pointed out, Chetniks and Partisans fought side by side in defending Split against the German beseigers in September 1943.

Several attempts to arrive at an understanding were made, but they always broke down: either the Chetniks accused the Partisans of treachery, or the Partisans accused the Chetniks of treachery. Tito claims that he took the initiative in arranging three meetings with Mihailovich towards the end of 1941. On the other hand, Mihailovich claims that as late as 23 December 1943 he put before Brigadier-General Armstrong and Colonel Bailey the following proposal:

'I wish to do all I can to prevent civil war. I propose that my and Tito's delegates meet somewhere in the Sanjak. Having had a sad experience relative to the word of honour of the Partisan command, I wish these negotiations to be conducted by the British military mission.' (New York *Times*, 6 August 1944.)

In reply to the question put by the *Times* correspondent, Mihailovich also stated that he was prepared to subordinate himself to the command of a Yugoslav General who would be mutually acceptable to both Tito and himself.

To go into the political differences between Partisans and Chetniks would require an article in itself. The Partisans said that Mihailovich stood for dictatorship, whereas Tito stood for democracy. The Chetniks said that Tito stood for dictatorship, whereas Miha ovich stood for democracy. In assessing these claims, it is necessary first of all to understand that there are conceptions of democracy that differ widely. Our Russian Allies, for example, are in the habit of referring to the Soviet Union as a political democracy. Now to the peoples of the Western democracies, the word 'democracy', if it means anything, means the right of the humblest worker to criticise the heads of the State, and the right of the people to choose their representatives in free electoral competition. In the Soviet Union it is taken for granted that no one criticises the heads of the state, while in the elections for the Supreme Soviet there is only one official candidate for each constituency who almost invariably receives a 98–100 per cent vote. The Soviet Union has many virtues which the Western democracies lack, but the right of the people to choose their representatives in open electoral contest is not one of these.

Tito has made it clear that the democracy he proposes to establish will be patterned after Soviet 'democracy' rather than after British democracy. In the elections that have been held in the liberated areas of Yugoslavia there has been only one candidate, the candidate of the Council of National Liberation, and according to official reports these elections are also giving votes that are very near the 100 per cent mark. Tito, in addition, has committed himself to the continuation of the one-party system with the explanation that the Committee of National Liberation represents all the elements in the country, and electoral competition is therefore unnecessary.

In contradistinction, the 'democracy' conceived by Mihailovich was a parliamentary

Swearing-in recruits of Mihailovich's Kacer Brigade. Blessing the colours

Regimental colours of the Radjevo Brigade of Mihailovich's Cer Corps

democracy according 'equal rights to all political parties, the Communist Party included.' (New York *Times*, 6 August 1944.) One can, of course, accuse Mihailovich of dishonesty. But this in no way invalidates the difference between the declared intentions of Mihailovich and the declared intentions of Tito.

* * *

We have touched on political differences only briefly because it has been the prime purpose of this article to deal with the charge that Mihailovich and the Chetniks were in the pay of the Germans. It is not a matter of defending Mihailovich as an individual. There are many thousands of Serbs in the Yugoslav forces in Europe and Africa who still look to Mihailovich as their leader and not to Tito. In Yugoslavia itself, and in Serbia especially, there are some hundreds of thousands who regard Mihailovich as a national hero and who, because they themselves have taken part in the struggle against the Germans under the command of Mihailovich, remain completely unconvinced by all the propaganda against him. It is in defence of all these people—the many thousands in the Yugoslav forces who cannot bring themselves to abandon Mihailovich for Tito, the many thousands of Chetniks who are still interned in German concentration camps, and the hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs who fought bravely against the Germans in the army of General Mihailovich or in the resistance movement that supported the army—it is in defence of all these that this article is written. They may not have seen eye to eye with Tito on the manner in which the struggle for national liberation should be carried on. But, all their weaknesses and misdemeanours notwithstanding, they were faithful and worthy allies. And they did *not* collaborate with the Germans.

PLANNING AND STANDARDISATION

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

EVERY person who ever advanced an intelligent programme for social, economic, educational or religious reform on a large scale has been a planner; and everyone who controls even his own household effectively must have some sort of plan about it. But the word 'plan' sprang into contemporary popularity when the first Russian Five Year Plan turned out to be not a mere Bolshevik myth, but indeed, to a world entering the despond of slump and inertia which filled the middle peace period, somebody's dream which work had really made come true. Progressives called their programmes 'plans'. From its origin it had a slightly advanced sound to everyone who was sitting pretty as things were—and even capitalism itself did not entirely despise the admirable research pamphlets and suggestions of *PEP* (Political and Economic Planning). But whilst there were schools of painting and poetry, and legitimately plenty of education theorists, comparatively few people tried to 'plan' the future of culture—still less popular entertainment, which is the connecting link between a considered culture and a half-educated public pre-occupied with its material needs.

Now planning has come triumphantly into its own, and holds Cabinet office and *Times* authority—as well as several thousand meetings a week, one way and another, all over the world. This is most proper; and if a number of people who were not stirred to vote by the promises of orthodox parties are stirred to real feeling and political action over such issues as Beveridge Plans, democracy has revived as a practice as well as triumphing as a label. There must indeed be an agreed political plan for the regulation of the nations, and an agreed economic plan for the fair production and distribution of the world's products and their benefits. Inside each self-governing community there must be plans for fair allocation of these benefits to all who earn them, and provisions for those who can't. There must also be a planned system for equality of educational opportunity. There must be national schemes for the standardisation of health and so on. But after that, a little cheerful disparity, and a healthy conflict of ideas, activities, and tastes is essential.

Unfortunately planning is now recruiting to its banner some of the self-interested or merely stupid advocates of standardisation, which is an ugly thing, and quite different. For, whilst social planners are all, except for the most rigid doctrinaires, prepared to see the necessity of devolution, the commercial camp-followers are not. A conscientious planner is anxious to see that (for instance) facilities for the proper control of temperature shall be available to householders everywhere. A commercial planner is emphatic that there should be frigidaires in every home from the Congo to Spitzbergen, and can afford a lot of money to tell you why! Missionaries used naïvely to persuade cannibals that they must wear Victorian habiliments to hide their suggestive nakedness, because this was God's Plan. International haberdashery combines will persuade them to wear natty tropical suitings because it is part of a higher standard of living, and the economic plan. The new clothes will be less oppressive, if the Victorian were perhaps more picturesque; but the commercial dividends will be at all events more palpable than were those of the Almighty. All this is not, of course, a new tendency, for trade has always run neck and neck with the flag, only a short way behind the missionary menace, in exploiting the 'lower cultures'. The danger is that now the honest blackguards of *laissez-faire* will be succeeded by smooth monopolists, with an economic plan as their justification. Raising the standard of living of backward peoples, then, must as always be combined with their defence from exploitation. The standard will have to be greater joint amenities, not individual spending power. The illiterate must not be taught to read merely to read advertisements, or given wireless sets merely to put money into manufacturers' pockets, and to hear sponsored radio programmes.

The same over-all considerations must determine the development of facilities for people in the more conventionally civilised parts of the world. These have a culture which we regard as higher, but are also already liable to more intensive and subtle exploitation. The full forces of international publicity, mobilising the new media of the film and the radio will, the moment

'It has been properly pointed out that the true standard of wages is not the "nominal" nor even the "real", but the "amenity standard"; and that so far as this was concerned, the Scandinavian, with his ability to frequent good parks, museums, public buildings, and cafés for next to nothing, was before the war in many ways better off than anyone else in the world.' This is Skansen Park in Stockholm where interesting exhibitions are combined with excellent cafés

they can, try to induce the ordinary citizen to begin uncontrolled buying of comfort, in boxes labelled culture. To the peoples of Europe generally there must first be food and necessities, but the people of England, and to some extent America, will be more quickly ripe again for campaigns to assure them that a television set in every home, a car in every garage, and a mechanical cook in every labour-saving kitchen is the redemption of their pride and the symbol of their superiority.

It has been properly pointed out that the true standard of wages is not the 'nominal', nor even the 'real', but the 'amenity standard'; and that so far as this was concerned, the Scandinavian, with his ability to frequent good parks, museums, public buildings, and cafés for next to nothing, was before the war in many ways better off than

anyone else in the world.[1] It is this side of rehabilitation on which we must concentrate first, giving national pride in good taste a chance to develop before allowing the mass of people the chance—nobody wishes to deny them this chance later on if they must take it—to develop mass produced ill-taste at home for the benefit of the commercial monopolist. Dean Inge once defined the Victorian era as 'an age which mistook comfort for progress.' We must not make the same mistake, merely forgetting plush and substituting bakelite.

All this obviously commercial side of the problem can perhaps be controlled. For it is generally agreed that much control will have to remain for a time (and perhaps some forms of it for a long time) as may the excellent English economy of agriculture under County War Agricultural Committees, composed of local men making use of local methods and their own identity with the land they administer, to contribute to a pool required by the larger unit. This is good and effective devolution: a plan already in operation, and manifestly working.

Material things can be planned and controlled, then, with decentralisation in detail.

Leisure is another problem. Providing for it must not mean providing standardised emotional drugs, but developing local tradition and initiative, as well as personal initiative.

What is dangerous is that local culture, and character, should be smoothed away by 'planned' entertainment, operated by the metropolitan press, commercial broadcasting, the great cinema combines, and those sports entrepreneurs who, backed by the rabble of sporting journalists, think of sport in terms of gate-money, the star system, spectacle—and bother the village green. The bodies work in harness. A daily newspaper is recently reported to have been bought by a film magnate. Commercial radio profitably pandered to the football pools, and so on. It is the same commercial gentlemen who, 'planning for democracy', propose hideous compounds of Australian and American football in order to obtain bigger gates, and talk happily of international horse-racing by aeroplane. For the metropolitan newspaper owner, the commercial broadcaster and film magnate, and the greasy men with cigars and pin-pointed suits who exploit sport, because most playing sportsmen are too bone-headed to run their own games properly, all loathe a strong local culture, and ache to see standardised reactions to their enterprises. Even that committee of worthy carriage-horses, the M.C.C., which has the green at Hambledon somewhere still at the back of its mind when it legislates for cricket, gets into hot water because it does not think first of the spectators.

The wider the new media extend, the muddier they get. Hollywood films are best when they spot-light details of American local history and local habit, not when they expatiate on 'the American idea'! Regional broadcasting has more character than national broadcasting; local newspapers more integrity than national ones; whilst local cricket in Gloucestershire in Grace's day, or boxing on the county boundaries before it was a legal sport at all, was far more significant than international gladiatorial ballyhoo on the sports page. There must, and will, be useful international use of all these things. But let it not be at the expense of the local product for the profit of the middleman.

The answer to these things is the old one—education. And since it is, of course, agreed that planned education is a necessary thing, it merely remains to make certain that it is planned in terms of devolution, allowing local cultures, historically, psychologically, and even physically, the best for their users, full play. It may even be that the new education should give something back of what was lost when the local grammar schools turned themselves into second-rate imitations of the national public schools. For the scholar there will always be the great national repositories of learning; for the specialist in every trade easily accessible technical colleges to complete his training to earn a profitable living; and for all, in the early stages, an approved general education, conducted with national over-all standards, but with local example and in local idiom. The provinces must be reassured that their own local habit of speech is not something to be ashamed of, and everyone that the socia standards of behaviour in Hollywood, Elstree, and the West End are not necessarily any better, and are almost certainly less appropriate, than their own.

The large-scale political and economic planning is being undertaken, and it is to be supposed that the grosser forms of commercial exploitation will be blocked. The principle of devolution, even, is being properly emphasised. But it remains to be seen that the public amenities, international, national, and local, are not by-passed by a false set of international standards of behaviour. For such standards, controlled by interested and vulgar parties, themselves without background or definition, could destroy the spirit of the new Europe as surely as, we hope, true planners will rebuild its fabric.

[1] *The New Age*, by Edward Hulton.

THOUGHTS ABOVE THE IRISH SEA

JOAN HASLIP

THE plane bumped and lurched, and below me, grey and liverish, lurched the Irish Sea. To take my mind off the acute discomfort of my position, I thought back of the country I'd left, wondering why, despite my aching head and queasy stomach, I should be feeling gayer and more confident in the future than I had felt for many months. During my twelve days' visit to Eire, all my uneasy doubts of the future of my country vanished. All my fears about Britain being pushed off the map by our powerful Allies had gone. In Eire I had talked to leading Irish politicians, from De Valera to *Fine Gael* Senators, and they had all helped to dispel my fears.

An eminent Irish statesman, who till now has certainly never been regarded as pro-British, said to me, 'Countries pay for wars by the efforts they make. The people of Britain are paying as they earn. When it is over, the British Empire will emerge stronger than it has ever been before.'

These were comforting words to hear coming from such a source. It was comforting to feel that in neutral Eire there is a real appreciation of what the British Empire has stood for in the last years. But how could it be otherwise when the number of volunteers from Southern Ireland serving in His Majesty's forces is such that it is estimated that over a third of Eire's total population is affected by the war?

When I was in Dublin I met the widow of an I.R.A. leader who died in the 1916 rebellion, and whose son is now serving in the R.A.F. She told me that, when he joined up in 1940, one of his father's friends reproached him saying, 'Your father would turn in his grave if he could see you now.' And the young man answered, 'Father wouldn't want the Germans round here any more than I do.'

Way back in 1939 one might have come across a number of Irish who openly admitted pro-German sympathies. They were to be found chiefly in the west, where the German engineers who carried out the Shannon Electrification Scheme had done a splendid job of German propaganda.

The week before the outbreak of war I was in Galway and a man in the local Post Office said to me, 'Now the British are going to get what they deserve.' When I questioned him as to whether he would enjoy being under German domination he answered, 'We licked the British; we'll lick the Germans too.'

A week later I returned to Galway, on the day when the survivors of the 'Athenia' were being landed. As I wandered through the crowds who had gathered round the port eager in their efforts to help, the sentiments uttered about the Germans were anything but neutral. A year later the first bombs fell on Belfast, and fire engines from neutral Eire were rushed up to the north. From then on Eire's neutrality became largely a matter of principle, as the German parachutists who landed in the country found out to their cost. For nearly all of them were rounded up in the first twenty-four hours. One of them, an I.R.A. man, Pat O'Reilly, alias Pat O'Brien of the German radio, was so uncertain about his reception that he walked straight to his home where he was immediately given up by his brother.

Yet it was only the other day that I overheard a so-called competent journalist assert that the rockets on England were aimed according to information received by the Germans from Eire. It was an English journalist who happened to make this statement, but in this respect the American press are usually the worst offenders.

Travelling across the country in search of local atmosphere, tipping lavishly for a good story, American reporters are only too ready to believe the tales they hear in Kerry bars, or from the lips of an Irish jarvey. These people, knowing what is expected of them, never fail to give full flight to their imagination. The fantastic stories published in the American press of submarine activities off the coast of Eire have caused nearly as much resentment in Dublin as was caused last spring by the wording of the American note.

It was always America's privilege before the war to sit back and criticise the British Government's policy in Ireland. Now, for the first time in history, they have themselves to grapple with a country whose very illogicality is its strength. Is it because Ireland never knew the cold and sobering logic of Rome, and never submitted to the binding hold of Roman law, that she remains impervious to the arguments of reason, indifferent to economic pressure, and places the principle before the fact?

On the other hand, the American attitude, which alternates between sentimentality and patronage, can be extremely irritating. The

Americans regard Eire not so much as a country but as a wailing wall. By this I mean that they envisage it in the terms of white-washed cottages and bogs and broken walls peopled by keening women. It is not an attitude calculated to propitiate the new Ireland created by De Valera.

A documentary film of the Irish question was recently made in the United States. It set out to be scrupulously fair and truthful, with the result that it was equally disliked in Washington, London and Dublin. The Irish chiefly objected to it on the grounds that the Irish narrator giving the Irish point of view had a whining, keening voice, which one press reviewer called 'a slave voice and not the voice of a free man'.

If there were not so many serious issues at stake, one could get a certain amount of amusement from watching America making the very same blunders with Eire as we have made in the past. But whatever may have been our faults, whatever iniquities Leckey's eighteenth-century *History of Ireland* may brand us with; whatever echoes of the famine years and 'bloody Balfour' and the Black and Tans still linger at our door, Britain in the past few years has amply atoned by her exemplary kid-glove treatment of Eire. There may be some who argue that our consideration cost us the lives of hundreds of sailors; that it was mere weakness on our part not to have seized the ports. But in 1940 those ports would have been blasted by the Germans long before they could have been of use to us. Civil war might have raged throughout the country and the number of Irish soldiers serving in His Majesty's forces would certainly never have reached the total of over 150,000 which it is today.

We have profited by our moderation, and it is certainly not out of weakness that we allow De Valera to retain Eire's curious and anomalous position in the British constitution. It may be enraging for the Covenanters of Belfast to witness the spectacle of Eire sheltering within the shadow of the British lion's mane, while refusing to be touched by its claws, but the situation would never have arisen unless it were satisfactory to the British Government.

Flying through the clouds above the Irish Sea I suddenly remembered those lines of Yeats: 'Maybe a breath of politic words has withered our rose tree, or maybe but the wind that blows across the bitter sea.' How many bitter winds have blown to fan Anglo-Irish misunderstandings and how much hard feeling could be spared if only some of us would learn to think of Eire as a friendly-disposed foreign country rather than as a recalcitrant dominion; if only a certain section of the Irish were not quite so much on the defensive, not quite so ready to see in every Flanders poppy and Union Jack the symbols of British tyranny.

Why should not the British flag fly over the United Kingdom Representatives' Office in Dublin, when it flies above the British Consulates in Berne and Lisbon? If it is felt that the sight of the British flag would give rise to incidents which are best avoided, then the Dublin crowds stand indicted of hooliganism. For on St. George's Day in 1940 the Union Jack was flown above the British Consulate in Fascist Rome without giving rise to a single incident.

Unfortunately there are so many principles to be upheld, so many symbols which still represent bitter memories. But gradually the memories are becoming less bitter, and the men who on both sides of St. George's channel are working for better Anglo-Irish understanding are being rewarded for their patience.

How can one attempt to unravel the mass of contradictions which make up modern Eire? To begin with, it is one of the few feudal countries left in the world governed by one of the few true socialists. De Valera, whose only hobbies are the study of mathematics or the reading of the classics in Irish, has refused to accept more than £1,500 a year for his salary as Prime Minister of Eire. Though Eire is too poor a country to afford the Beveridge Plan, it has taken the lead in providing family allowances irrespective of grade or income. For every child born, the State gives an allowance of 2s. 6d. a week. 'Moderate comfort for all' was De Valera's favourite slogan before the war released him from the necessity of making any promises at all.

Dublin is middle-class and progressive, Catholic and puritanical—two things which are certainly not synonymous in any other European capital. But feudalism still reigns throughout the country. From the Ulster border to Mizenhead lie scattered the charred ruins of the great houses of the Protestant ascendancy, burned in the troubled times. Nevertheless, in the houses which escaped the attentions of the I.R.A., there still lives a privileged class surrounded by devoted retainers, a class who still think of London rather than of Dublin as their metropolis and whose knowledge of their own capital is confined to the hall of the Shelborne Hotel and the sanctum of the Kildare Street Club—that last fortress of the Protestant ascendancy situated within a stone's throw of the rebellious mutterings of the Dail. Enter the granite portals of the Kildare Street Club and you pass from De Valera's Ireland back to the world of George Moore, to the days of the

Dublin. Customs House and the Liffey

viceregal parties and the Curragh balls, when the Fenians still conspired in Dublin back streets and Dunlaoghaire was still known as 'King's Town' and Government forms were still stamped with the crown instead of being duplicated in Irish.

It is here that the members meet their children coming off the mail boat; that mothers anxiously await their sons home on leave. It is here that one finds a loyalty to England unsurpassed in any patriotic gathering in Belfast, a loyalty tinged with humour and kindliness and a certain arrogance, a loyalty which does not prevent the little boys at their English schools from giving a black eye to anyone who dares to say a word against the Irish.

The Anglo-Irish who allowed themselves to be driven out of their country during the troubled times must be irritated to see how easily and comfortably their relatives continue to exist in De Valera's Ireland. And, though the majority vote solidly for Cosgrave at the elections, a few have even gone so far as to vote for 'Dev' as if unconsciously realising that it is only by the grace of De Valera and the Land Commission that they exist at all.

The other day a strange rumour circulated through the Kildare Street Club, a story to the effect that De Valera had paid a visit to the Headmaster of the Protestant Public School of St. Columbus and had asked him to make his pupils proficient in Irish to enable them to fill their part as future leaders of Eire.

It seems unbelievable that De Valera should choose to envisage the future of Eire in the hands of the sons of his bitterest political opponents. There is one trait, however, in which he is utterly lacking, and that is personal vindictiveness. His memory may be uncomfortably long, as British politicians from Lloyd George to Churchill can testify. He may be uncompromising over partition and fanatical over the Irish language, but his judgment on people is based only on their usefulness to his country.

The Irish Government has allocated over a million pounds for the building of a new aerodrome at Rhinanna adjacent to the seaplane base of Foynes, and it is characteristic of De Valera's character that the coveted job of the building of the aerodrome should have been given to the young architect Desmond Fitzgerald, son of the *Fine Gael* Senator who (as Cosgrave's Minister of Defence) was one of De Valera's chief opponents.

Foynes, a vital air link in the Atlantic trade routes, is one of Eire's greatest assets when she claims a place in the post-war world. There are many people, both in Britain and America who, because of Eire's present-day policy of neutrality would deny her that place. But at the Civil Air Conference in Chicago she firmly staked her claim, with the offer of Foynes as an international free airport.

Photographs of Foynes are never published in the Irish press. No statistics are available of the tonnage handled at the airport. No details are ever printed of the personalities who daily alight at the mouth of the Shannon. All this is done in accordance with British Security Regulations—a curious anomaly in a neutral country, and a fact which it is useful to remember, especially by those sensation-mongers who envisage the possibility of Hitler and his satellites landing in Eire.

The day on which De Valera's answer on the treatment of war criminals was published in the press, I asked an Irish politician, 'How do you interpret the sentence about *persona non grata* being sent back to their country of origin?' and he answered with a twinkle, 'What could it mean except deportation to England considering that Britain controls the air and sea routes? But you know how we like to quibble about a principle.'

So, whichever way one's thoughts rotate, one always comes back to the same theme: Irish insistence on placing the principle before the fact. Therein lies the fundamental difference between them and us. Would there have been no Irish question if Cæsar's legions had anchored in Dublin Bay and trod the Bog of Allen? One is tempted to wonder; but below me stretched the mud flats of the Mersey and the wharfs and cranes of Liverpool. I was back in the realm of facts.

Liverpool Pierhead. Customs sheds, Riverside Railway Station, etc.

REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE

DR. GEOFFREY BARBER

The author practises in the country as a family doctor

DURING the last 50 years the world has become much more intimate, owing to scientific inventions affecting communications and travel, so that nations and people can no longer live uninfluenced by each other. Whatever you do is bound nowadays to affect somebody else, and interest is therefore becoming centred in the good of the whole community of persons and nations, rather than in the freedom of the individual, or nation, to do as he pleases. In bygone days, a person or a nation could be either backward or progressive; his standard of living could be low or high; his hygiene poor or good, without his neighbours being similarly affected. Nowadays, one backward, poor or unhealthy person cannot fail to affect the neighbourhood; one unhealthy part of the community must disseminate ill-health throughout the nation; one sick nation upsets the whole world.

It therefore follows that the freedom of the individual must be, and is being, curtailed for the intended good of the whole. Power is being concentrated in the hands of public bodies with the intention of its being administered wisely for the community. More and more regulations and bye-laws restrict the individual's freedom to be a danger to his fellow men. But this trend has a most unfortunate tendency to stifle initiative and progress. Public bodies fear criticism; will not undertake the risk of censure; must not spend too much public money. Your successful administrator must therefore tend to be the cautious man who never makes mistakes because he takes no risks. In the individual also, it tends to destroy the sturdy independence which has been the foundation of our national success.

It is very important to understand this trend in our social evolution when we consider the evolution of modern medicine. For the great problem before the planners at the present moment is to co-ordinate our various flourishing but individual health services into one useful whole, available to all, without at the same time stifling that healthy initiative, and scepticism of accepted opinion, which is so absolutely necessary for scientific development. The combination of large-scale planning with individual initiative is the outstanding problem of today, and to consider the medical aspect of this great question is the purpose of this article.

A CENTURY OF DISCOVERY

Certainly the last hundred years have shown an enormous change, for the great bulk of medical discovery has taken place during that time. Three generations ago we knew nothing of bacteria—('germs')—as the cause of disease or infection. Operations were few, crude, highly fatal, and without anæsthetics. X-rays were unknown, and there were only half a dozen drugs of real value in the whole pharmacopœia.

There is the well-known story of the discovery of radium by the Curies. Then there was Pasteur, who dared to imagine that fermentation was not due to chemical reaction, but was the result of some minute form of life. Koch, the country doctor, neglected his patients to peer down his microscope, and actually first saw the germs which cause disease. Lister realised that operations could only succeed if these germs were kept out of the operating theatre by antiseptics.

Sir Almroth Wright carried on Pasteur's work on 'immunisation', making a body overcome disease and infection by building up its resistance, through giving it minute doses of the disease itself. Banting isolated insulin, the essential which is lacking in diabetes, and so enabled many to live normal lives, who previously would be condemned to slow and inevitable death. Sir Gowland Hopkins discovered vitamins, present in our food in minute quantities, but so essential to our health.

More recently, Sir Alexander Fleming noticed that where bacteria were being grown, if certain moulds got in by accident, growth was slowed down or stopped. The most tiresome mould was called *penicillium glaucum*, and from it is now being made the famous 'penicillin', which by stopping the growth of germs in wounds is saving so many soldiers' lives. The research workers of great chemical manufacturers' firms are constantly producing new and more effective drugs. May & Bakers' 'M and B 693' has revolutionised the treatment of many diseases, including pneumonia and meningitis.

These are but a few examples, and of course so many important discoveries have influenced the mind of the man in the street. A century ago the patient wanted an elderly and experienced doctor who would institute well-tried orthodox treatment. The sick person of today is perhaps

Medicine in the eighteenth century was not advanced

too prone to believe that because a treatment is new it must therefore be effective, but he rightly prefers a younger man who is up to date. What we really need is the experienced doctor who has still sufficient leisure and opportunity to keep in touch with the newest developments, so as to use them to the best advantage of his long knowledge of illness. This calls for reorganisation of our profession. But before finally discussing this, we must understand more of the changes that have come about in illness itself, as well as the diagnosis and treatment.

THE CHANGING NATURE OF ILLNESS

Disease is caused by some breakdown in the normal working of the healthy body. The breakdown may originate from the intrusion of unhealthy germs—infection—or from strain or damage due to the living conditions. So we may expect that the ordinary progress of the last hundred years, with the relief of poverty, improvement in social conditions, clothes, food, houses, sanitation, lighting, heating, recreation—will have played their part in making some diseases less common; and it is true that many of the deficiency or 'slum' diseases are now rarities. Scurvy, rickets, chlorosis—'the green sickness' or anæmia of the half-starved servant-girl who spent her life between the underground basement kitchen and the windowless attic in the roof—these have almost disappeared. The fainting fits and 'vapours' of the tight-laced ladies of the nineteenth century were thought elegant and correct, and their frequent 'declines' or galloping consumption were not questioned when they occurred in the 'weaker sex', but we do not take them as a matter of course in our healthy outdoor-minded girls of today.

To counterbalance this improvement, the *strain* of modern life, with its rush, hurry, continual noise and excitement, has introduced a whole new set of diseases. Their cause is a breakdown of the nervous system: perhaps through its control of some function of the body, whereby we have the great increase of gastric and duodenal ulcers, colitis, high blood pressure, 'strokes', angina pectoris, and asthma, or perhaps of the mind, such as all the psychoneuroses, menopausal illnesses, nervous breakdowns, and hypochondriasis.

A comparison of two text books of medicine, one written forty years ago, and the other yesterday, bears this charge out forcibly, and a doctor who qualified forty years ago and never studied since would hardly understand the language of the recent book. And yet under our present system a doctor may continue to practise without making any attempt to keep in touch with modern medicine, merely relying on his gaining experience to sort out the more serious cases and to pass them on, where his knowledge fails, to his more efficient colleagues.

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER

How does the family doctor today differ from his predecessor of three generations ago? The doctor of those times was undoubtedly a fine character, and so far as the doctor's rôle is that of comforter and friend he was first class, but he knew only too well his inability to influence the course of disease, either towards recovery or death. He was, moreover, in most cases, the final medical authority. He might sometimes call in a colleague in consultation, but where one general practitioner had failed, was a second likely to be much more of a success? In the ordinary course of his day's work he could expect to practise every branch of medicine—pull out teeth, test eyes and prescribe spectacles, operate, and meet every emergency with the stock of instruments and drugs in his own surgery.

With the advent of telephones, motor cars, and local hospitals at the very beginning of the twentieth century, the up-to-date practitioner made use of the modern aids. But he still regarded his patients as *his;* he only advised a consultation with a specialist after he had proved to his own

satisfaction that he could not do the job himself; and what is more he knew that his patients regarded it as a confession of weakness. They placed complete and unreasonable confidence in his power of diagnosis. The author, when commencing practice, overheard a waiting-room remark: 'This young doctor doesn't know very much; why, he says he has to *examine* you to find out what is wrong!'

From the business aspect, the general practitioner remains a small private concern; whether he is in partnership or single-handed he competes with the neighbouring concerns for 'practice'. Competition may be healthy in stimulating professional efficiency; it can have its other side in placing undue emphasis on attainments other than real medical ones. It is wasteful of both time and work, many individuals and their households having to provide a twenty-four-hour service. Lack of sufficient leisure, through fear of losing a patient, leads to hurried slipshod work, failure to keep up to date, and for the successful man, premature ill-health.

THE HOSPITALS

Our so-called Voluntary Hospitals date back for more than a hundred years. They began as charitable institutions, staffed largely by unpaid voluntary workers, and their tradition of fine disinterested service is one of our grandest national institutions. The patients' good comes first, and the system of management by a lay board, advised by the medical staff, is probably unequalled in its freedom from administrative vice such as red tape, precedent, obstruction and graft. But because voluntary hospitals rely so much on either charity or contributions, or because they spend so freely on treatment, buildings, and research, their finances are rarely sound.

The great advances in medicine and the easier travelling facilities have rendered the small numbers of voluntary hospitals totally inadequate to the needs of the nation; and to accommodate the surplus patients, local authorities have therefore built large numbers of their own hospitals, staffed by whole-time paid doctors, and financed out of the local or county rates. They must, therefore, be on sound business lines, hence administration here is not always so happy. The dead hand of the bureaucrat is ready to pounce on the man who is at all independent in his outlook and work. Unorthodoxy is suspect, for it may cost money. Expenditure is minutely checked and counter-checked, and the superintendent, who may have very poor, or even no medical qualifications, can and does, override specialist opinion and advice.

As a contrast, SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, *the discoverer of penicillin*

It is fair to say that few patients will choose the County Council Hospital if any form of local voluntary one is equally available; and if there were an equal salary paid in each, the great majority of doctors would make the same choice.

DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

Nowadays an illness is no longer a mysterious process deep in the body, with a few superficial symptoms and signs as pointers from which the experienced physician may hazard his diagnosis and base his treatment. In the laboratory the pathologist can examine specimens of almost every part of the body in his search for the germs of disease. In the hospital ward the physician can pass tubes into stomach, bowel, kidneys, lungs, spinal cord, or brain, and by injecting substances he can see whether each organ is working normally. The surgeon can pass lighted instruments internally so that he can actually see, as in a periscope, what the organ looks like, and can diagnose inflammation or growth; he can even cut away little pieces or scrapings to give to the pathologist to prepare and stain and examine under a microscope. In the X-ray departments the radiologist can not only

Medical locomotion 1904. Some of the medicine is still of the 1904 vintage

see the shape of the bones, so that the fracture specialist can set broken bones in complete alignment, but he can give a meal of opaque barium, and watch or photograph its course through the digestive organs; checking abnormality in the position and function of the stomach and bowel, noting ulcer or early cancer.

The electrical engineer and the physician have studied together the minute electrical reactions of the heart and brain; and have evolved apparatus to record them. The electrocardiagram shows the whole process of each heartbeat, and can be analysed for the minutest abnormality; the encephalogram gives even more sensational results; and if, as is claimed, it can even indicate when the patient is telling a lie, a lawcourt may lose much of its reputed dryness!

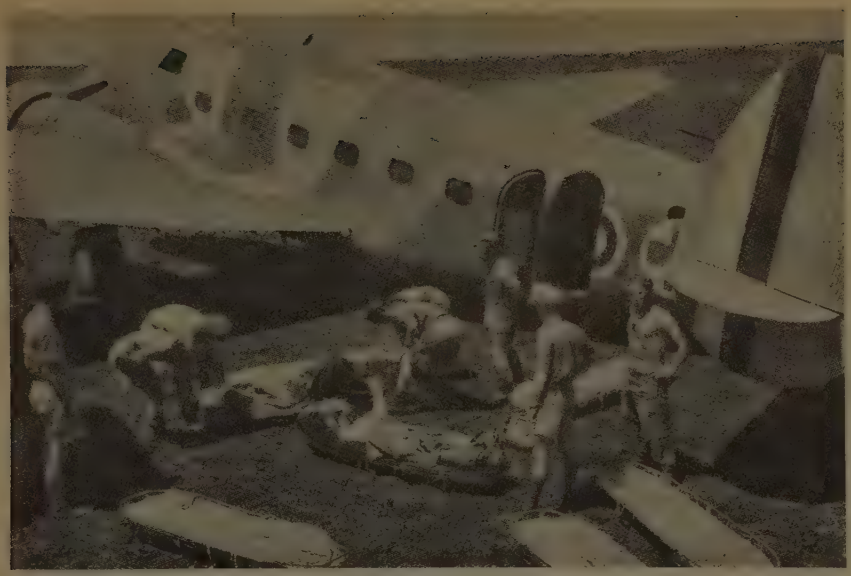
In the operating theatre, thanks to the new methods of anaesthesia, and to new instruments (like retractors which are self-illuminating and give clear light in the darkest and obscurest cavity), the surgeon can do operations which would have filled with terror the most noted surgeon of the last century.

In the casualty ward, blood transfusion can turn the hopelessly shocked and injured patient into a new man, giving the surgeon a chance to work unhurriedly and skilfully on mangled limbs, or burned flesh. In isolated places like the Australian and African Bush, the Indian Frontier or even our Scottish Islands, the flying ambulance is summoned by portable wireless, and can bring the seriously ill patient to hospital in a few hours, while, in war, air transport carries the wounded man so rapidly to specialist treatment that mortality from wounds has diminished enormously.

In maternity work, X-ray examination of the unborn child tells the obstetrician exactly where and how to use his skill in conducting a difficult labour. In the treatment of acute infection by deadly germs, such as pneumonia, meningitis, abscesses of the lung, kidney, liver, and brain, the 'M and B' of 'Sulpha' products act like magic; and recently penicillin and drugs like it promise to achieve even more remarkable cures.

The youngest branch of medicine, 'Rehabilitation', recognises that the cure of illness is not completed when the actual disease is defeated. The doctors must see in addition that the body and mind are re-educated to resume a normal independent and useful life.

These are just a few of the wonderful advances in medicine, given as examples. It has been a long journey from that bottle of medicine in the surgery of a hundred years ago. But how is the family doctor going to pack them all into his little black bag?



Medical locomotion 1944. Hudson ambulance evacuating wounded from the battlefield

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

In private practice the doctor enters professional life by actually purchasing a slice of the ill-health of the community, and the more ill-health in his slice, the bigger his dividend on his outlay. The idea of preventive medicine must inevitably introduce a conflict between his professional conscience and his pocket. There is no such conflict in the medical code of our oldest surviving civilisation which exists in China. This provided for payment to the doctor by the patient *only* so long as the latter remained well, and unsuccessful operations sometimes resulted in a very severe penalty for the surgeon.

For us preventive medicine was for a long time our professional Cinderella, and has only come into its own when far-sighted industrial concerns or governments have realised that it *pays*. The Panama Canal project was originally abandoned owing to the deaths from Yellow Fever of the workmen employed, until in 1904 the United States Government reversed the order, and gave sanitation priority over the actual construction. And more recently the fearful outbreaks of louse-carried epidemic typhus in the U.S.S.R. have been stopped by rigorous insistence on cleanliness, even by force, and wholesale replacement of verminous towns by new settlements, and tremendous propaganda. Lenin said after the Civil War ended in 1921, 'Either the Soviet Union will conquer the louse, or the louse will conquer the Soviet Union.'

The stress of war will often accelerate overdue measures, and the 1914–1918 war gave us our first Ministry of Health. Its growth has been phenomenal, and now it is responsible among other things for preventive medicine in the following forms: ante-natal, maternity and post-natal care, vaccination, infant welfare, immunisation against diphtheria, school inspection, tuberculosis, mental disease, venereal disease and infectious fevers. The Home Office looks after health in factories; the Post Office has its own medical service, and big industrial concerns take more and more interest in the health of their employees, at their own expense and for their mutual profit.

But the greatest factor in good health is the patient's way of living; as Max Lock has put it in his article in this series: 'The Campaign for Health can only finally be won on the field of environment.' The famous Peckham Experiment has proved this by its study of whole families. Its founder sums up the position like this:

'Hampered by disorders (man) may suffer the ravages of disease: cloaking his disorders by the use of his reserves, he may be buoyed up by a false sense of well-being: or, lastly, he may live a full functional existence in which his development is

proceeding according to his potentiality. The difference between these three states has been shown to depend upon the several relationships of the individual to his environment. In the last of these three states only is man free to act in mutual response to an ever-changing environment. It is this last state which we recognise as the legitimate field of Health, or "Wholeness".'

Our armed forces have been wonderfully alive to the value of preventive medicine. The recruit is protected, by injection, against typhoid and tetanus, as a routine, and also against tropical diseases. Even more striking is the realisation by the General Staff that it is no use planning offensives without ensuring that their fighting forces are at full strength to undertake them. It has been shown that the victory at Alamein was the result of careful sanitation as well as of masterly strategy; for after weeks in the fly-infested desert our forces were fit and well, while between 40 per cent and 50 per cent of the enemy were casualties already to dysentery and 'Egyptian tummy'.

In the services, the Medical Officer is responsible for both sides of medicine, preventive and curative, for the men in his charge; in civilian life the two are still administered separately by the 'clinic' doctor, and the 'family' doctor.

TEAM WORK IS THE SOLUTION

Obviously in this rapidly changing medical scene where our knowledge and resources are now so complex, team work must replace the single worker. There are few even of the simple illnesses today, which cannot be better diagnosed and more efficiently treated with the aid of some branch of specialised medicine, even if it is simply checking the diagnosis by having some specimen examined in the laboratory. This does not mean to say that no illnesses should be treated at home, but it does mean that the ordinary man's doctor (the General Practitioner) should have behind him all the resources of the most up-to-date hospital, in pathology, biochemistry, radiology, consultant medicine, surgery, obstetrics, and what are called the 'special departments' which deal with eyes, ears, throats, children's diseases, fractures and so on. The doctor must in fact be an essential member of that one great team. He must alter his own outlook, so that he regards himself as an outpost of the hospital, with all its resources as part of his surgery equipment. The hospital staffs must regard him as their own advanced scout, who first encounters the enemy of disease, and who must be given every conceivable help and support. Most important of all, the general public must be taught to distinguish no longer between 'private' doctor, 'hospital' doctor, and 'clinic' doctor, with the idea that they all work independently, and in competition with one another. They must regard the medical profession as one whole, with different interdependent branches, each different kind of doctor being a cog in the whole machine, no one type being of more importance than another, and the general practitioner as a specialist in his own line, namely *family practice*.

EDUCATION AND PROPAGANDA

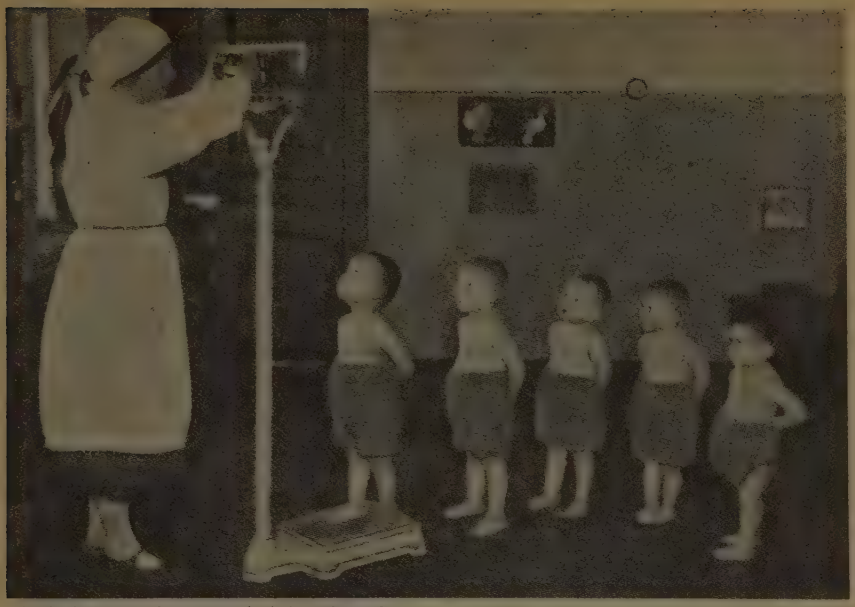
Only very recently has the idea of teaching the general public some elementary hygiene been accepted. Much ill health is preventable, if people will take a little trouble, and the general taste in recreation, clothing, building, food, and even work, will inevitably lean toward health, if the simple rules of healthy living are well learnt and understood, for we all like to be well.

As J. R. M. Brumwell reminded us in his article on propaganda, the Rockefeller Institute conducts a world-wide propaganda campaign against hookworm by teaching backward populations to use latrines. The Board of Education has initiated simple explanations of sex to all school-children before they leave; and this may reduce the appalling number of psychoneurotics, where first sexual impacts have upset them through sheer ignorance. In the right hands it can do nothing but good, and the teachers are to be specially trained. In time, hygiene will be a school subject of the first importance.

The B.B.C. is doing much also, by its regular talks on health; and there is a great field for the breaking of popular superstition and belief in useless, and even dangerous, patent remedies. Unfortunately the latter are a very profitable commercial proposition so that they die hard.

THE WHITE PAPER AND THE FUTURE

As Beveridge explained, the five enemies are want, disease, ignorance, squalor and idleness; and the second of his three guiding principles was that organisation of social insurance should be treated as one part only of a comprehensive national policy of social progress. Health is such an important national asset that it is now a foregone conclusion that all our disconnected medical services must soon be welded into a national one. The problem only remains as to its first shape, and many planning bodies have been carefully examining this in the last year or two. Reports have been published by the Medical Planning Commission, Medical Planning Research, the Medical Practitioners' Union, and the Socialist



The development of the nursery school. 'Weighing in'

Medical Association, while the Royal College of Physicians and the Inter-departmental Committee on Medical Education (the 'Goodenough' committee) have discussed the enlistment and training of doctors. Finally, the Government has produced its much discussed 'White Paper' on a National Medical Service. Each report stresses the point of view in which it is most interested, but each makes some important contribution to the whole.

What these planners do not all realise is the *inevitability* of the revolution: that a whole-time comprehensive service, available to all, is bound to come, and that what concerns us most is to see that the doctors of the future are recruited from the young people most likely to make a success of it. Good general education should count equally with superlative scholarship, and financial barriers must be broken down by sufficient grants for education. Men and women must be attracted by the calling, and must feel that there is a chance of adequate pay and leisure, without being drawn by 'big money'. Above all, independence of opinion must not be a bar to success. In order to raise the general standard of medicine, it is essential to attract a greater number of entries into the profession, so as to provide for more thorough work, more chance of post-graduate education and better leisure.

Whatever intermediate plan is adopted for the post-war years, it is bound to be looked back upon afterwards as a 'teething period', and as a muddle of compromise between vested interests which will by then have ceased to exist. Private ownership of practice, local government ownership of hospitals—all are important vested interests, and loom large now, but the general good of the nation must be the final aim. To achieve this, a transition stage of 90 per cent state service, leaving 10 per cent private practice, *may* be temporarily necessary, as suggested by the White Paper. It may be easier to build this on to the existing machinery of the present National Health Insurance system. What the Government has got to realise is that the best way to make a whole-time universal service a success is to let it compete openly and immediately with any other form of medicine, giving such advantages to both patient and doctor that both will rapidly go into it 100 per cent. And this can be done only by realising that the best is usually the most expensive. Cheeseparing and bargaining will in the long run be fatal, and an open purse for National Health will prove the finest national investment.

We are still far from understanding all the body processes which make for health or illness. We trust certain time-honoured remedies *because* they are effective, without knowing *why* they are effective. We must also remember that sympathy is an essential to successful medicine, and the patient's first contact with the medical profession must therefore continue to be through some individual whom he knows and trusts; one who can guide him in health with an intimate knowledge of his economic life, and in illness can act as comforter and friend through the mysteries of hospital and scientific medicine, someone in fact to whom he is a *person* rather than a 'case'. Therefore the family doctor must remain the first line. He must have no more patients than he can look after well, and he must work from some medical centre where every medical aid is available, and where a twenty-four-hour service is maintained by a team. This will ensure the doctor's adequate contact with up-to-date medicine, and leisure for personal life.

Above all, professional freedom must be maintained, and the doctor must continue to be able to treat his patients according to his personal knowledge of their temperaments and environments, and must not be turned into a mere vehicle of standardised treatment. Though the large-scale national medical plan is inevitable, the needs of the individual patient and individual doctor will thus be met.

In spite of much criticism, the English nation already enjoys at least as high a standard of medical care as any other nation in the world. But we have lagged behind in our recognition that the nation's health is the nation's reponsibility. Now is the time to show a lead to the world by welding together our present uneven and disconnected units into a first class *National Medical Service*.

'Congratulations, John! You've become a father?'
'Oh, no!—he is a German prisoner I captured this morning'
CUMHURIYET (Turkey)

THE DALMATIAN SCENE

HENRY BAERLEIN

ANYONE who travelled along the Dalmatian coast before the last war might have been excused if he had come back with the opinion that this province of Austria-Hungary was inhabited by Italians, for the people there, being bi-lingual, naturally addressed a foreigner in Italian which was, and is, more of a world-language than Serbo-Croatian. The administration was carried on in Italian, and one frequently saw the Lion of St. Mark, erected in days when Venice held that part of the Adriatic—and, by the way, utterly denuded it of trees to build her navy.

When Italy was preparing, if adequately rewarded, to desert from the Triple Alliance, these were some of the reasons she put forward in her demand that Dalmatia should come into her possession. As for the people's use of her language, one might have pointed out this is a poor criterion for the sympathies of the speaker—neither Roger Casement nor ex-Colonel Lindbergh have been noticeably fond of England. Various other reasons were put forward by the Italian authorities for the cession of Dalmatia. These were geographical, botanical, historical, ethnical, military, naval and economic. Even in the schools of Italy they have taught that the Italian natural frontier is determined by the point of division of the waters of the Alps, although a gallantly patriotic cartographer mentioned by Pressolini has produced a map with the pleasing words: 'The new natural boundaries of Italy'. As for the argument that the flora resembles that of Italy, this can equally well be employed by those who would annex Italy to Dalmatia. The learned and impartial French historian, M. Emile Haumant, has told us that when Marmont's Frenchmen arrived, they found the Slav language everywhere with the Italian by its side, and all the people affirmed that they were brothers of the Slav beyond. With regard to the ethnical reason, we would be flogging a dead horse; in order to get over the fact that the Slavs form 98 or 99 per cent of the population, the Italians invented a brand new Dalmatian nationality. The military reason is very weak, for Italy would have to double her army to defend a frontier 700 kilometres long. Their naval argument was that, if the Italians had to fight on the eastern side of the Adriatic, their sailors in the morning would have the sun in their eyes; but the Yugoslavs would be similarly handicapped in the case of an evening battle.

Of course the cession of Dalmatia to the Italians should never have been entertained by the Allies, and when the Yugoslav State came into existence at the end of the war, common justice could not contemplate this surrender. Mazzini had declared in 1871 that Italy's interests demanded an alliance with the Slavs who must have an outlet on the Adriatic, while in our day Professor Salvemini—driven into exile by Mussolini—was one of those honest publicists who denied that Italy has any right to Dalmatia. The *Corriere della Sera*, in those days when it was still able to speak freely, took an active part in the campaign to promote Italo-Yugoslav understanding. 'Here,' that excellent paper once wrote, 'is offered a grand opportunity to Italy to prove her genius for politics. She must see that her future can only be secured if she holds out a generous and helping hand to the nascent neighbour State.' Alas, the Foreign Minister Sonnino was less enlightened, and his famous colleague Bissolati resigned as a protest from the Cabinet before entering which he, unique among Allied or enemy statesmen, had volunteered for active service, though past the fighting age. Sonnino persisted in treating the Yugoslavs as defeated foes; by March 1919 he had deported 700 from Dalmatia and Istria. It was melancholy to find a man of Professor Italo Giglioli's reputation addressing a letter to *The New Europe*—that admirable organ in which Seton-Watson and Wickham Steed gave a platform to all that was reasonable in the world—a letter in which he exclaimed that what in Dalmatia is not Italian is barbaric, as if Dubrovnik (Ragusa), the refuge of Slav culture in the age of darkness and the place in which Slav literature so gloriously arose, was, forsooth, throughout its history Italian in culture and literature.

With prominent Italians in such a mood, it was a pity that in the spring of 1919, when the frontiers in that part of Europe were not as yet settled, Italy was put in temporary occupation of much of Dalmatia and the islands. One began to hear that her régime was not too kindly, and those with a previous acquaintance of Dalmatia who wished to return were prevented by all kinds of obstacles. For instance, Sir Arthur Evans, whose unrivalled knowledge went back to 1878, was held up for months, and it was only after six or seven weeks of hard work and the intervention of

Dalmatian of Risan

certain powerful personages that I obtained permission to go there again, with the proviso that I would write nothing for six months. No doubt I went with a mind prejudiced against the Italian authorities, but I will let the bald, uncoloured facts speak for themselves. '*Ne croyez pas le père Bonnet,*' said Montesquieu, '*lorsqu'il dit du mal de moi, ni moi-même lorsque je dis du mal du père Bonnet, parce que nous nous sommes brouillés.*'

Accompanied by Captain Pommerol, a Mauritian whom the War Office had sent to Dalmatia and Bosnia with a very extensive programme, I proceeded to the islands from Split in a small steamer lent to me at that place. Our first land call was at the picturesque port of Jelsa in the island of Hvar. Some cries were raised in honour of Yugoslavia, Wilson, France and Britain which may have been imprudent; but when a place in which there is not a single Italian has been held down for months, has been forbidden to show the slightest joy on account of the birth of Yugoslavia, has been savagely punished for having a copy of a Yugoslav paper, has seen its inhabitants repeatedly cursed, cuffed and ordered at the bayonet's point to execute some wish of the *carabinieri*, one cannot be astonished if, in the presence of some non-Italian foreigners, the people could no longer repress their feelings. At those forbidden exclamations the *carabinieri* struck out right and left. We visited their captain, a pleasant young man who, as we afterwards learned, was such an improvement on his predecessor that his men were convinced he was a Yugoslav, and they were heard to mutter threats against his life. He had apologised to the inhabitants and dismissed one of his men for hauling down a Yugoslav flag and blowing his nose on it.

At Starigrad on the same island I went at once to see the Commandant, a major who informed me that the population was very quiet, very happy. When I said that I would like to see the Mayor he touched a bell and His Worship arrived. He immediately confirmed what the major had said. Everyone, he assured me, wanted union with Italy. I asked if he did not think there would be some difficulties when the island's exports, wine, oil and fish, would have to compete with the products of Italy. He replied that one must think of the benefits—no longer would one have to endure the hated Austrian. Nothing else did this gentleman tell me, which was regrettable, because in a message he sent to an Italian paper at Zara he stated that, in this conversation, I had displayed supreme ignorance of local questions. Down in the street, the former mayor who had been displaced after serving for many years, was waiting for me with the priest and the doctor, and as we strolled round the Cyclopæan walls, they told what the people had to suffer. In the harbour a number of islanders were collected. *Viva Italia!* cried a woman, and when other shouts were raised the *carabinieri* rushed hither and thither howling vengeance and attacking everyone, although a naval officer, who was disgusted, ordered them to refrain. Four Dominican monks, out for their evening walk, were thrown down and battered; as we steamed out of the harbour a man-hunt was in progress along the road parallel with us. ('There are places in Dalmatia,' said Signor Luzzatti, an Italian ex-Premier, 'where Yugoslavs and Italians are mingled; it is clear that in those circumstances the oldest and serenest civilisation should prevail.')

When the frontier was finally decided, Zara and a few islands were allotted to Italy. The result in Zara was disastrous, which was not surprising, as the place was surrounded by Yugoslav territory and islands. The water supply was in Yugoslavia, and in the event of war between the two countries, the men of Zara would have had to quench their thirst and wash themselves in

their local product, maraschino. When I came to the empty harbour I was shown a crane recently presented by Mussolini; as there was no merchandise for it to raise from ships, perhaps it had been sent to raise the morale of Zara. I was rather astonished when Captain Alan Graham, usually quite a knowledgeable M.P., advocated in a letter to the press in September 1943 that Zara should remain Italian, to the great economic benefit of Yugoslav Split; the mass of its inhabitants, he wrote, feel themselves Italian, having been a Venetian settlement for at least six centuries. But every place along that coast was for a time under the Venetian step-mother, and I suggest that the Captain did not realise that the ridiculous decision with regard to Zara—causing its population to become one-seventh of what it had been—was made because in this provincial capital the Austrians used the Italian language and their officials mostly came from Trento whither their fathers had migrated because they did not wish to live in a united Italy.

It was a pity that the Italians did not try to make themselves popular. The sole money in the possession of the Yugoslavs at the end of the war was in the form of Austrian notes which, if duly stamped, were legal tender in Yugoslavia. But when some poor peasant crossed the line of demarcation or landed somewhere in a boat, the Italians took this money, tore it up and gave no receipt. One man whom I met was almost blind; he came with his mother to Zara to consult an oculist. He brought with him practically all his fortune. Well, the Italians tore it up and told him testily to be gone. In one month in the Provincial Government of Split 136,794 crowns were taken from twenty-six persons—I have all their names and villages. More than one Italian officer, including Admiral Millo, the stately, bearded Governor, Senator of the Kingdom, spoke to me about the Austrian currency, which seemed to them a grave problem. Instead of solving it, the Admiral, on 18 April 1919, issued a memorandum that, in order to make the people love the Italians, it would be well to organise fêtes and spectacles. The people in Italy were assured that this love had already been gained. On Palm Sunday a number of peasants in their best clothes were walking through a village holding the usual palm leaves in their hands. They were photographed and a popular Italian newspaper printed this as a full-page, coloured illustration. It was entitled: 'Dalmatian Peasants on their way to pay homage to Admiral Millo.'

But there was a good deal of wisdom in a memorial which the Admiral addressed to his officers. Entitled 'Secret Document: No. 558 of

Peasants of Cavtat, near Dubrovnik

Register P. Section of Propaganda. 21 March 1919', a copy was found by the Yugoslavs under an officer's mattress, was transcribed and replaced. The contents were telegraphed to Paris. Here a few extracts must suffice. 'The population', he wrote, 'in its great majority and often its totality consists of Yugoslavs. It is a people of another race, of that formidable Slav race which for centuries has been pressing against the West, athirst for liberty and eager for the sea; a people with a psychology, a mentality, a civilisation, habits, traditions, a national consciousness and a quite special individuality. This population is fundamentally good, but also extremely sensitive. May Heaven preserve the officers from not taking these things into account! Firm nerves, sangfroid and an evenly-balanced mind are required in order to prevent the hostility of the population from causing a spirit of revolt, and on our part of vengeance and oppression. The officer must become an element of moderation and pacification, with the object of assuaging and obviating the bitter feelings which have been created and fed by a past that is, and must be, wiped out for ever. . . . In estimating the enmity of the Croats,

the fact must be taken into account that this people with action in the interior of Austria, while the Italian army was acting outside, has resolutely and victoriously co-operated in the downfall of Austria and in freeing itself from a detested régime; particularly in the last year of the war this sentiment of nationality became accentuated with the fervent aspiration for liberty. These are the circumstances which have determined a special psychology of joy and ecstasy—both elements which, in minds which are laden with all the influences of the East, produce a facile and dangerous excitement. From this picture it must be instantly clear to every officer that his duty here is a truly lofty mission of civilisation. . . . There is already an impression on the part of the Croats that the Italians are good, that Italy is strong. There must also be born and reinforced the other conviction that we are not oppressors but liberators. The Italian officer, with the harmony of manners which distinguishes him, very easily obtains the sympathies of this population.'

It was strange that this order with its exalted sentiments was so scurvily treated in the town of Sibenik, where it was issued and where the Admiral resided until the beginning of June, when he transferred the seat of government to Zara. When the sailors of the U.S. warship *Maddalena*, there on a visit, took to wearing the Yugoslav colours, some ladies and men, relying perhaps on Admiral Millo's permission with regard to Allied colours, donned those of America, never dreaming that any objection would be raised. One evening these were suddenly torn off by Italian soldiers, their officers not interfering, while ladies were being very roughly handled. Colonel Cappone, the town Commandant, summoned a number of leading citizens and 'This is Italy! This is Italy!' he yelled. 'We have won the war; we have spent milliards and sacrificed millions of soldiers!' On this Mr. Miše Ivanović remarked 'I beg your pardon, but the Paris Conference has not yet decided the fate of these territories.' 'It has been decided,' the Colonel exclaimed. 'But if we have to leave, remember that on taking down our flag we shall destroy everything, with 5,000 machine-guns, 2,000 guns and 40,000 men. Good-night, gentlemen.' This declaration, made by a man who presumably was a responsible officer, was testified by the signature of all those who were present. And when, in 1921, the Italians were leaving Sibenik, they destroyed a large number of young trees in the park and elsewhere; they had not even the Venetians' excuse.

Dalmatia and her islands must, of course, return to Yugoslavia. The Dalmatians are a dour and unflinching people. Along the coast you see the white cottages they have built for themselves after strenuous lives on the sea. Those who have tilled the unfertile soil are just as resolute. They are among the most patriotic Yugoslavs, and here the mingled population of Serb and Croat is full of understanding. I remember seeing at Kotor (Cattaro) a solemn procession in honour of the patron saint proceeding from the Catholic church, for it is by the Catholics that he is regarded as holy. When the procession passed the Orthodox church, the arch-priest of that community, with his assistants, was standing at the entrance, arrayed in his most gorgeous vestments, and the splendid old man bowed gravely.

One's thoughts went back to him who is buried high above Kotor, near the summit of Lovchen, that almost inaccessible peak, six thousand feet from the level of the fjord. Peter II of Montenegro, except for Pushkin the greatest of Slav poets, would rejoice if he could know what has befallen his little kingdom. Inhabited as it is by the purest of Serbs, gallant descendants of those who, centuries ago, fled to these wild mountains rather than live under the Ottoman Turks, it has now been absorbed into Yugoslavia, the kingdom of the Southern Slavs. Peter was accustomed to spend more of his time in Venice than at home—returning, however, to conduct affairs in his kingdom, to print his poems in *Grlica*, which means 'Turtle-Dove', his official paper, and to publish in the next column the names of his more unruly subjects whom he had been constrained to shoot—and as he sailed through the islands of the Adriatic, this magnificent person (even for a Montenegrin his height of 6 feet 8 inches was exceptional) would dream of the day when they would no longer be under alien rule. Perhaps when he passed the beautiful island of Vis he thought of the naval engagement in March 1811, when the British Commodore (afterwards Admiral) Hoste won a victory over Napoleon's navy; Peter will have smiled as he remembered Midshipman Farell whose duties should have kept him at the fort. But he plunged into the sea, swam out to his ship—H.M.S. Amphion—and although he was shot at and wounded in the leg, he reached the ship, was bandaged and is not one of those who lie in the British cemetery that is among the most treasured possessions of Vis.

Dalmatia, a part of the flourishing kingdom of the Southern Slavs, has great allies. And Italy will, one hopes, recognise that the sole method by which she can cause her commerce to penetrate

Perasto, on the Dalmatian Coast

to the Balkans is by concluding with a friendly Yugoslavia the requisite treaties. Her people will also, one hopes, be ready to echo those Italian naval officers with whom I sailed from Vis to the little isle of Busevo where the grotto resembles that of Capri. As the sea was calm we were able to enter it in a rowing-boat and there, in huge, red letters, 'Long live Yugoslavia!' (of course in Serbo-Croat) had been painted on a wall. A number of women rowed out to greet us and strewed flowers on the sea, while the remainder of the people, standing on a hill, sang national songs. 'We must acknowledge,' said the officers, 'that this is a Yugoslav island.'

THE FALLING BIRTH-RATE

ITS RESULTS, AND A POSSIBLE SOLUTION

BY A SCOTS PHYSICIAN

'TELL me, Doctor, is the birth-rate falling so rapidly as to warrant any real degree of national anxiety?'

'Why has this fall occurred?'

'What may be the consequences?'

'Can anything be done about it now, or in the near future?'

These and many similar questions are often put to me by interested patients.

The rate of fall in the birth-rate is well seen if we consider that in Britain in 1921 there were seven million schoolchildren; in 1928 there were six millions; and that, should the present more rapid fall continue, there will be but three millions in 1960.

We are able to make this estimate because we relate the birth-rate not to the total population, but to the number of women of child-bearing age (15–45 years) in the community. It will thus be seen that we can estimate the probable birth-rate of Great Britain for any year up to 1959, as all the women who will be within the child-bearing age group in any of these years are already alive today. By making other assumptions, population estimates for years farther in the future may be made.

To illustrate the serious nature of the fall in a simple way, you have only to look at your own families and those of your friends. Perhaps some of you are in the age group 30–35 years; perhaps you are one of a family of three or four children. Have you, and each of your brothers and sisters, a family of four children—giving your parents a total of sixteen grandchildren? More likely there are no more than one, two or three. There you have first-hand personal evidence. It is, then, little wonder that the Government regard the problem as of serious import, and have set up a Royal Commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Simon, to investigate the possible causes.

The fundamental facts are obvious. For a population to remain stationary—that is, if we are to have a replacement rate of unity, every woman would require to have two children—to replace herself and her husband in the next generation. Unfortunately in this country this is not the case. In 1940 the birth-rate was 25% below replacement level. The basic causes are manifest. To begin with, all women do not marry. Of those who do, some are unable to bear children, while others have only one. Infant mortality takes a heavy toll, due to a variety of causes. It is these factors, then, which make it necessary, if we are to have a static population, that each married woman, who is physically capable, shall have three babies, and that if the population is to rise, each family must have four or even five children.

We must agree that, fundamentally, there has been no change in the biological desire of women to have children—the maternal instinct is still as strong as ever. If we accept this premise, then obviously some artificial, man-made influences are now at work.

It is important to realise early that methods of birth control are not the reason for the fall in the birth-rate. These methods are only the mechanical means by which the premeditated decision not to have children is carried out. This observation is further strengthened when we realise that it is over 150 years since birth control methods were introduced. Despite the fact that this information was available thus early, little attention seems to have been paid it by the ordinary men and women, as no appreciable decline took place in the birth-rate until 1880.

It is also of interest to note that, until about 1860, there was no difference between the birth-rates among the wealthy and the poor.

Did, then, some momentous event take place during the latter part of the nineteenth century, the occurrence of which brought about the commencement of this fall in the birth-rate, and the influence of which has continued to exert itself even in the present day?

Can the entrance of the machine age, of high-powered industrialism, of mechanised entertainment in the form of the cinema, of the internal-combustion engine, be entirely to blame?

Can it be that sheer selfishness, the desire for an artificial, a synthetic 'good time', the wish for motor cars instead of cradles, has seized us and is exerting an overwhelming influence over us?

Have the fuller, more satisfying delights of family life been sacrificed to this new conception?

No! This is surely not the reason. For the fall

Will they return to the home?

in the birth-rate had begun long before the days of the motor car and the cinema. It was about the year 1875, during an economic depression, that the so-called dangers of over-population were first stressed. It was then that people began to realise the grave disadvantages of too many mouths to feed at such a time. The commencement of birth control by a significant number of the population was soon seen in a falling birth-rate. Here is, surely, a clear indication that the intensity of economic competition was the primary influence having a direct bearing upon the problem. And at the present day we can see its influence on the fluctuation of the three-monthly birth-rate, according to the state of our fortunes with regard to industrial prosperity,

national crises or war at the time of conception; that is—as a portent of hope and security arises, it is immediately accompanied by a rise in the number of conceptions.

May it not be, then, that far from human selfishness being the motive force behind the fall, the very opposite is the case? May it not be that the realisation of the rising cost of living and of the increased cost of maintaining children engaged in higher education, has determined parents to give their children a better opportunity than they themselves had, and in consequence, of necessity, limit their family? In support of this, is the fact that among the professions, the birth-rate fell earliest and is at present one of the lowest national groups. In this class, also, the postponement of marriage until a less fertile period of life may be advanced as a contributory cause. This postponement is the result mainly of the meagre salaries paid to young men with ambition in the medical, legal and banking professions, and by the high social standard expected of them in comparison with their income, making marriage in most cases impossible at an earlier age.

The question of whether city or country life is more favourable to the production and upbringing of a family is one to which a definite answer may be given. Fertility has been seen over a long period to fall much faster in urban areas than in the country. Other obvious causes are at work. Overcrowding is more prevalent in towns, especially at the present time—and this in turn gives rise to a great wastage of life through the fearful toll of infant mortality. The health of those in the country tends to be better and the freedom and fresh air enjoyed by the country child in his garden is in marked contrast to the restrictions imposed on the flat-dweller.

Should an industrial depression overtake us, its effect is less severely felt in non-urban areas; for even should unemployment become rife, the generally lower cost of living there makes life easier and more bearable.

The emancipation of women, their quitting the home and their entrance into business, industry and the professions is often put forward as a factor likely to affect the population. It is suggested that women may become so interested in their particular branch of work that they are not prepared to give it up, along with the accompanying freedom and independence, for the doubtful privilege of building a home, if a house can be found, in the face of adverse economic conditions and a host of smaller, but none the less motivating, factors. Many women have compromised—they have retained their business positions and carried on a home at the same time.

But this becomes virtually impossible on the arrival of the first child. May the fear that, when the first pregnancy occurs, her career must be abandoned, not have a direct bearing on the matter of sterility?

While it is known that some 10% of couples are sterile, the reason for this condition is in many cases not known. It is more than possible that the influence of the increased tempo of life, and the artificial conditions under which we live, may act against the natural biological forces, and that anxiety, mental strain and too much attention to the material concepts of life, may bring about a psychological state detrimental to the reproductive function.

In examining the problem in wartime, certain additional factors are obviously involved. Many husbands are overseas, and the young wife who is left is frequently overburdened with responsibility. Perhaps she has already one or two children to look after. Houses are at a premium, and this means recourse to hotels, many of which, in addition to being outside her means, do not encourage children as guests; or to relatives, whose patience and toleration of the new arrivals may be limited.

Then there is the case of the young mother who, in order to augment her Army allowance, elects to work. Her child may be at school, but many children in this position find that they have to roam the streets in the late afternoon until mother returns. This environment, combined with the absence of a father's steadying influence, gives rise to the serious by-product of juvenile delinquency.

These temporary factors, then, tend to make the young mother of one or two determined that there shall be no more.

* * *

In an article such as this, necessarily limited in scope, it is not possible to enunciate all the effects of the declining population, but it is worth noting some results in a general way.

As we have already seen, owing to the fall in the birth-rate, there is a rapidly decreasing number of young people in the population. But accompanying this, owing to the greatly increased efficiency of our medical services, and the consequent increased expectation of life, there is a rapidly increasing number of people in the older age groups. Given present conditions, these two factors will continue to work and an increasing number of young people will require to be diverted to care for and serve the older generation in a great variety of ways. In other words, there will arise a great demand for consumable goods

and services associated with old age, in contrast to those associated with youth. As a direct result of the high proportion of old persons in the population, the death-rate will rise, with a consequent contracting market for all types of consumable goods, bringing before us once again the spectre of unemployment.

Youth will be needed to solve these problems. But even already, with the moment ripe for plans of reconstruction, for new ideas with young and energetic personalities to carry them out, the bias of the older age groups is already evident when we note that the average age of our M.P.s is 57, with many over 70, and a few even over 80.

What, then, is to be done?

The abolition of unemployment and the outlawing of war are major international problems and will take precedence over all others when peace comes. If these twin scourges are eliminated, can anyone doubt that the new feeling of security will immediately induce an abundance of new babies?

But perhaps that is looking too far ahead.

Let us examine possible solutions on a more strictly national basis. What can we do now, within our own country, to halt the downward trend?

One of the most commonly suggested inducements is the 'Family Allowance'. There are many difficulties in the way of its introduction. In the first instance, monetary allowances would require to be graded—as what would be regarded as adequate maintenance for a child at one social level would certainly not be regarded as sufficient at another. It must be remembered that, among the poorer classes, where financial inducement might be expected to have the greatest effect, the fall in the birth-rate, although quite definite, has been least marked compared with other groups.

In Germany, where marriage grants and priorities in employment to male parents of large families have been the rule for more than a decade, the increase has not reached replacement level, and even the increase which did occur has been attributed by many authorities to the new faith and security which it appeared to those inside Germany Nazism had brought.

One thing is certain: if the proposed family allowance is in any way to resemble the original 1939 War Office daily maintenance grant of 5d. to the first child of those serving in the ranks, little enthusiasm will be forthcoming.

But, assuming a generally recognised and adequate sum, in order to avoid abuse of the allowances, the method of their spending would require to be restricted. Why not, then, provide the social services which are so necessary for family encouragement and which in so many cases cannot be bought? I refer to immediate provision of adequate housing at low rent in well-planned towns, and extension of day and night nursery services for infants, nursery schools and play centres for older children, domestic assistance for young mothers with two or more children, increased laundry services and holidays for mothers. In the realm of housing, kitchen planning is of the first importance, so that more time may be spent with the babies and less in walking unnecessary miles from cupboard to cooker.

In the matter of health, let us have an increased number of specialist sterility clinics for both men and women; and finally give us a better general health service for that ever-neglected being, the working-class mother.

With the solution of these problems, and the large-scale provision by the Government of such amenities, a rise in population will take place, not only due to an actual increase in the number of births, but from a decrease in the present infantile mortality figures—in other words, in the preservation of thousands of young lives at present regarded as wastage (which wastage, incidentally, might be further reduced by a revolutionary effort on the part of the Ministry of Transport to rid us of the road-deaths menace).

Perhaps the provision of these services may inculcate into citizens a responsibility to reciprocal service to the community.

We are a small nation to be a great power. It is obvious how hard-pushed we have been in the matter of manpower compared with, say, the U.S.A., where conscription is not nearly so comprehensive—or with Russia where, following in the wake of advancing armies, huge masses of men and material have been immediately available to be utilised in the reconstruction of the devastated areas.

When we look at the situation among the coloured races, a new aspect arises. India's population is increasing at the rate of 100,000 weekly. It must be obvious to all, then, that to neglect this fundamental problem of our falling population a moment longer implies that an irrevocable change must take place in both our national and international outlook.

And so, ultimately, it is a personal challenge to each one of us. Are we willing to produce the necessary children to carry on the race? If the answer is negative, then, inevitably, man is doomed, and Wells's prophecy of another and more efficient being replacing us upon earth may well come true.

In Gudhjem

THE JEWEL OF THE BALTIC

BORNHOLM, FROM WHICH V2s ARE BEING FIRED

B. DURIE

'Where waves low-murmur round the foot of rocks,
And sun doth seaward sink like dripping blood,
In Gudhjem, where each day is golden-long,
There do I choose to live, and—some time—die.'

From the Danish

FOR the Germans, the island of Bornholm, lying about seventy miles north of Germany, is a strategical vantage-point from which they are launching one of their murderous attacks. For the Danes, the island has been for long a treasured and beloved possession. Owing to its situation, about one hundred and twenty miles east of Copenhagen, and only twenty-two miles south-east of Sweden, Danes have always been most anxious to impress upon visitors that Bornholm belonged *not* to Sweden, but to Denmark! This attitude is not surprising, considering the early history of the island.

Long ago, Bornholm belonged to marauding Vikings. In the twelfth century it became a fief of the Archbishop of Lund, in Sweden. In 1510 it was captured by the Hanseatic League, and in 1522 it came under Danish rule. Still later it was made subject to the city of Lübeck. By the year 1645 this much-disputed island fell once more into Swedish hands, and Swedish soldiers arrived to take possession. The sympathies of the people, however, were with the Danes; they fought against and expelled the invaders, and have, since 1660, been loyal subjects of Denmark. In 1939 the population numbered roughly forty-four thousand; and from spring until autumn the island was crowded with holiday-makers and artists. It has a richly varied nature, seldom met with in so small a compass, for the total area is only two hundred and twenty square miles.

The Lions' Heads at Hammeren

Now ask the Bornholmers themselves what they think of their little country! They will tell you what legend says—that when God first planned His world, He tried His hand on Bornholm, and decided that His world would be a success! It is frequently called 'Miniature Scandinavia'—everything is there on a small scale: granite cliffs, steep, rocky fjords and sombre pools, heather moors, cool, dark, tree-clad glens, with waterfalls and noisy streams, sand-dunes, green fields and flower-carpeted woods. There are few fences. The cows seem free to roam, but they are chained to a stake, which the farmer drives into the ground with a heavy wooden mallet. Their position is changed several times a day. They munch in a tidy circle, and lie there chewing, each in a ring of pale green amongst the long dark grass.

Late one evening in June of 1939, I embarked on the *Hammershus*, the newest and most modern of the steamers that sailed daily between Copenhagen and Bornholm. Cheering crowds, with waving handkerchiefs and shouts and fireworks, bade us goodbye, and we sailed so smoothly through the quiet starlit night that when I awoke it was already sunny, and we were

anchored in the harbour of Ronne, capital of the island. It is a harbour to delight the eye of an artist, and even the blasé traveller gazes at the pastel colours, and wonders if he is dreaming of a Hans Andersen fairy tale. Old fishermen strolled leisurely to and fro. I soon found that time was a matter of small importance. Gleaming ships were being loaded and unloaded; yachts with snowy sails lay at anchor; winding streets climbed up and out of sight amongst incredibly tiny houses and garden-patches, and beyond, on the slopes, trees stood green and lacy against the sky.

I walked slowly up to seek my hotel. Suddenly a hand-bell clanged deafeningly behind me. I leapt aside and there puffed slowly past me—a train! The bell-ringer stood on the step of the engine, waved, and nodded and smiled as he was carried along.

Next day was market day. After losing myself several times in the crooked streets (my fairly good sense of direction was defeated by the intricate maze of twists and turns) I found the market square, with shops all round it, and booths and stalls and old-fashioned country wagons and ultra-modern vans all over it. Well-furnished shops offered up-to-date merchandise. Round the corner, up one of the innumerable narrow cobbled streets, little old houses, shrunken and tilted with age, yellow and pink and blue, support each other kindly against the advancing years. Between flowered curtains, hung within blue-edged windows, blooms in bright pots nod across to the rose-red church and—for it is yet morning—quilts of every hue are spread upon the garden railings. Deep orange tiles catch the rays of the warm sun; the shiny green door in the half-timbered wall stands invitingly open, and peace is painted there amongst the charming colours of the street.

Walk further. Here is a spacious house, the home of the *Amtmand*, or Governor, then Herr Stemann, representative of the King of Denmark. This house is painted black and white, as is customary. The rooms run in line, with connecting doors throughout, and from each room to the garden behind, and through the row of windows stream light and sunshine. At the front door is a metal stand for bicycles, which are as popular for all classes here as they are in Holland.

There are a number of fascinating little 'towns', in Bornholm. Gudhjem (God's Home), on the north-east coast, is a fishing village. Those curiously-shaped tall white chimneys belong to the sheds in which the herring are smoked, hanging on poles above sticks that burn on wide racks below. In this mild climate a fig-tree bears fruit. Above the shoemaker's shop-window is an 'eye'—a small curved mirror fitted outside, so that those within can see all who pass by. Such 'eyes' are common in Scandinavia. In the sunny south lies Dueødde, an ideal expanse of shining sands, more silver than gold, where sheltered nooks among high dunes invite the lazy to sleep away the hours. No tide comes up to damp the sand, and many families dig a large hole in which they can sunbathe comfortably on windy days. Such holes are looked upon as private property, and no trespassing is expected.

Wherever the visitor may go on the island, he has the impression that the island is his, to walk whither he will; and everywhere he feels a sense of freedom and friendship, which seems to emanate from places as from people. The dusty roads between the unhedged woods are like private drives, bordered with oaks and birch trees. As he wanders, he realises why the Danes are so proud of this 'jewel', where so many charms are brought together. Flowers grow in profusion, including wild lily-of-the-valley. One must also report masses of dandelions! The nightingale sings in the woods, and eider-ducks bob about on the waters of the Eastern Baltic. Near the village of Ostermarie grows a little white 'Appenine', found nowhere else in Northern Europe. So famous is this patch at the edge of a copse that buses stop regularly while the driver tells the story and passengers pick the fragile blooms.

Variety is also found amongst the rocks, which include freestone, limestone, blue marble and porcelain clay. There is a little coal, worked locally. Oats, flax and hemp are grown. The chief industries are fishing, the manufacture of earthenware, and weaving. The tourist trade brings much money to the islanders, and the large, luxurious, country hotels are open from June until September. Before the First Great War, Bornholm was a favourite holiday resort for Germans. Only a comparatively small number of Germans retained homes there after the war. During the years from 1930 onwards, the Governor and his wife tried to interest British and American visitors. Unfortunately, the extra eight hours' sail from Copenhagen discouraged many people from visiting one of the most delightful parts of Europe.

In every part of the island are to be found historical relics, such as rock carvings, monoliths, runic stones and ruins of old castles. More uncommon are the famous Round Churches, of which there are several still in existence. They

date from the twelfth century and are built of boulder stones, being originally intended to serve as fortress and church combined. Services are still held in them, and the pews are arranged circularly around the pulpit. At one side a steep, winding staircase leads up to a narrow, dusty gallery, with look-out slits and very thick walls. Old customs, too, remain. Beautiful flowers are scattered upon the roadway outside a house where a dead person lies. Traffic does not respect these, but they are spared by pedestrians.

Well-known 'tourist' walks—of an unhurried, uncrowded nature—are clearly detailed for the energetic visitor, and railway and bus companies combine to arrange special tickets. When the first part of the journey ends, the walk begins, and, provided he walks at a normal rate, the traveller finds a connection waiting to take him home. Many a weary one, having wandered too vaguely, returns hours later to that same smiling Guard who had waved him goodbye, but everyone smiles in Bornholm—and his ticket takes him home again the way he came. The educational system of the island is excellent, and special attention is given to languages, so that many of the inhabitants speak English, Danish, Swedish and German. Some, who have been to the 'States', also speak American! This is a much commoner occurrence than one might think. The old people speak 'Bornholm', which is a mixture of Danish and Swedish. Connection with the mainland was constant and mails went out every day. Once, by mistake, I took a letter into the country. I found a lonely pillar-box on a farm-wall—the next collection was 'Friday'. It was then Wednesday! I had left modernity behind—but I brought my letter back!

It is sad to end with the thought that much more of this story could truthfully have been written in the past tense. The Danish people are so proud of their 'Jewel of the Baltic', now overrun by young Nazi soldiers who have forgotten, or were never taught, how to appreciate beauty and tranquillity. The serene happiness of these islanders has been destroyed, like that of so many other unfortunate and innocent people. The peace that for years had seemed their heritage may not easily be regained. And yet—we must remember—the brilliance of a jewel can be dimmed; it cannot be extinguished.

A pink Danish house

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

WILL ANYTHING COME OF IT?

WHEN Mr. Gladstone fulminated against the Bulgarian horrors, war followed, and it was from that war that the principality of Bulgaria was born; but there is no reason to believe that another war will follow his latest fulmination against the Turks. All Mr. Gladstone's eloquence in 1876, giving voice, as it did, to all the passionate indignation of our whole people would have been absolutely futile but for the determination of the Russian people to liberate their Slavonic kinsfolk. England talked, Russia fought, and so the work was done. Today England is talking fitfully, with very little trace of the passion and fervour of the Bulgarian times, and Russia shows no disposition to act other than diplomatically in the redress of the wrongs of the Armenians. A Commission, representing England, France and Russia, from which the best qualified officials seem to have been excluded, has been appointed to take evidence and to report upon the details of the latest atrocities.

THE CRASH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

THE disasters which have accumulated upon the unfortunate colony of Newfoundland culminated last month in a financial crisis of almost unheard-of severity. Six of the leading firms and two of the leading banks of the colony suspended payment. As almost the only currency of the island was paper, the failure of the banks has rendered it worthless.

PRANCING PRO-CONSULS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH

FRANCE is uneasy concerning the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*, and from time to time her papers give forth querulous complaints as to our continued occupation of Egypt. It is interesting to note the great interest with which the French press follows the movements of Mr. Rhodes. It would seem that they are beginning to get Rhodes on the brain.

ON THE WRONG TACK AT BERLIN

AT Berlin, where the Socialist beer boycott is at last declared off, Prince Hohenlohe, in want of something better to do, seemed disposed to press the prosecution of the Socialist deputies who refused to cheer the Emperor. The Chamber, however, refused permission by 168 votes to 58. The incident was unpleasant, and only aggravates the situation. The Bill for the suppression of Socialist agitation is one of those measures which will live in history as an example of repression gone mad. The 130th paragraph prescribes a fine of £30, or imprisonment up to two years.

MEDICAL WOMEN IN RUSSIA

IN Russia women have been allowed to practise medicine for the last fifteen years. There are between seven and eight hundred lady doctors in the Russian Empire, a larger number than in any other European country. Here again civilisation got a lift forward on the powder cart, for the splendid services of the twenty-five female medicos who went through the Russo-Turkish campaign in the hospitals made even the most bigoted male monopolist admit that it was no longer possible to exclude women from the practice of medicine.

Of the twenty-four doctors employed by the municipality of St. Petersburg fifteen are women, each of whom holds a thousand more consultations than is the average of her male colleagues. It is noticeable that the women doctors have never caused the least trouble or disturbance, whereas the male doctors have frequently had disagreeable encounters with the populace.

ONE OF THE NEW GUARDIANS OF THE POOR

'The Countess of Warwick was returned at the head of the poll as Guardian for the Warwick Union, December 1894'

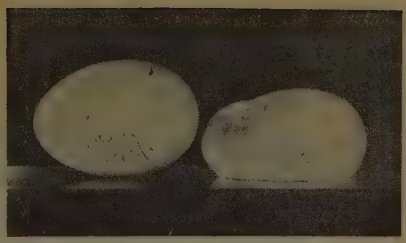
SCIENCE FRONT

EGGSHELL PRODUCTION

A MONTH or two back several newspapers came out with the announcement that scientists had now discovered how to make hens lay shell-less eggs. Perhaps you were puzzled to know why on earth anyone should bother to discover this: it seems a useless piece of knowledge, unless some enterprising dried egg manufacturer wants to save himself the trouble of having to break his eggs before he dries them. The real significance of the experiment was a partial satisfaction of someone's curiosity as to how hens make the shells for their eggs.

Eggshell is mostly chalk, calcium carbonate. The hen gets her calcium from the grit she scratches up and swallows, because there is always some lime lying about in it. The carbonate comes from the carbon dioxide which her living tissues are producing all the time. There is carbon dioxide in the air breathed out by the hen just as there is in human breath. You remember blowing through lime water in your youth, perhaps, to show this. After a while the lime water goes cloudy and precipitates chalk, because the carbon dioxide slowly dissolves in water to form carbonate. The hen does the same experiment in her inside, in the oviduct. Only, because it is a slow chemical reaction, she has a little something to speed it up, an enzyme called carbonic anhydrase. This enzyme, carbonic anhydrase, was originally first discovered in the blood, and in the lining wall of the stomach, and it was shown to make the turning of carbon dioxide gas and water into carbonate a very speedy process. People then went further, and extracted the enzyme from the blood, and purified it, in an effort to find out what the little extra something was which catalysed the reaction. What they got was a protein with atoms of zinc attached to it. Apparently the zinc is an essential part of its works, and it can be prevented from working, though not destroyed, if various other substances are present which can combine with the zinc.

One of these inhibitors is the group of new M. + B. drugs, the sulphonamides, which unlike the other inhibitors are fairly harmless to hens and humans. This gave the poultry scientists a chance to show that carbonic anhydrase was actually important in eggshell production. It was suspected of being concerned, but no proof, no actual demonstration, was available. But if they took two groups of hens on the same diet, under the same farmyard conditions, and fed



Scientists are experimenting with making hens lay shell-less eggs

sulpha drugs to one group only—which would stop their carbonic anhydrase working—in all probability, then, if as turned out, they laid shell-less eggs, that would be some evidence that carbonic anhydrase was a key enzyme in shell-making. The value of the evidence was then increased by a further step—not all sulpha drugs inhibit carbonic anhydrase; some do and some don't. When the ineffective ones were tried on the hen, normal eggs were laid; so it looked as though the active sulpha drugs really might be acting on carbonic anhydrase, and not preventing shell formation by some other unknown way.

Of course, this is only one small step, though an ingenious one, in the advance of knowledge about egg-laying. But it is interesting also for another reason as illustrating the fundamental chemical unity of life. The same enzyme, carbonic anhydrase, crops up here and there throughout the animal kingdom, wherever it can be put to a useful job. It is in human blood, and human stomach; it is in the gills of some fish; and it helps to put the shell on the hen's egg.

A LITTLE OF WHAT YOU FANCY

BOTH the Nutrition Society in this country and the National Research Council of America, have recently begun to struggle with a big problem which has never before been tackled by scientists. This is the whole question of what makes people eat the foods they do, and how they can be persuaded to change their dietary at the behest of a government department anxious to make the best nutritional use of food in wartime.

Of course, since the subject has only recently come up for intensive investigation, the facts so far established are scanty. Most of the work merely clears the ground and suggests lines of inquiry, which can be expanded by teams of sociologists and social anthropologists who have gained experience in studying the food customs of native peoples. Certain factors which are almost common experience have, however,

already emerged. The names and times of eating of meals are important. One would have an aversion to eating breakfast at, say, 6 p.m., if on day work; if one gets up late in the morning one can miss the meal altogether. In England where bacon is a staple breakfast dish, this might lead to the omission of bacon as an article of diet. The container of the food is important, too, as the farmer finds it is, for his pigs and hens. One cannot drink wine with pleasure from a teacup. And meals have a pattern about them. An egg and a glass of hot milk with bread and butter and blackcurrent jelly might be nutritionally as good as, or better than, meat and two veg.—but one is a dinner and the other is not. Many housewives regard a bowl of hot soup as nourishing and sustaining; the nutrition expert is compelled to admit, on the other hand, that its food value is very little greater than that of an equal amount of hot water, really quite negligible as food, but very important as a stimulant to proper digestion of the food which follows.

There are also the social attitudes to food. Parental control of children may depend on the fact that the parents are usually the child's source of food. In some countries—England, North America—food is used as a method of reward or punishment to compel certain moral attitudes; in others, so-called Latin countries, food is simply a pleasure. The effect of food on history can be a subject for investigation—did roast beef really make Old England?—and of history on diet also.

The newer knowledge of nutrition, with its yearly discovery of new vitamins, has somewhat blinded us to the other, the social aspects of food. Milk, as Lord Horder recently pointed out, is in danger of becoming a medicine and not a beverage. The new interest in food sociology may help to redress the balance.

HYDROPONICS

THE United States Army Air Force is making use of recently developed soil-less gardens to grow fresh vegetables for its personnel, it was announced lately. At some isolated air stations the ordinary vegetables of the Anglo-American dietary are neither available locally nor easily shipped out, and the soil may be unsuitable or too barren for the men to grow them for themselves. The development of hydroponics by Dr. W. F. Gericke in California in 1938 opened up the possibility of solving the difficulty, and experiments were carried out at Wake Island in 1939. The result is that fresh tomatoes, peas, beans and carrots are now grown by U.S.A.A.F. men on Ascension Island in the Atlantic, Canton Island in the Central Pacific, at Port Moresby (New Guinea), and at Katachi (India). They require no soil, since the seedlings are grown in moist sawdust on wire frames, each 4 ft. by 11 ft., fitted over tanks containing special solutions which provide all the plants need to grow, and two and a half months after starting, the first crop of large juicy red tomatoes becomes available.

The start of this idea goes a long way back to the time when botanists were interested in discovering what foods a plant needs. They tried to grow seedlings in pure water, but found that would not work, because once they had exhausted all their reserves all the young plants died. On the other hand, sugar and meat were no good either. The answer in the end turned out to be very simple. If the water contains nitrates, phosphate, sulphate, calcium (lime), soda and potash and magnesium, then the plants will grow —provided they have light and air as well. It will be noticed that these are just the substances farmers now put on their land by way of fertiliser.

Quite apart from its practical value the result is interesting, because it is something of a surprise to find that green plants are so different from animals in their food requirements. No meat, no carbohydrates, no fats, and no vitamins; just a few salts. It is all the more surprising because nearly every other living thing needs vitamins, at least some of them. Apparently the green plant can make them for itself. We certainly know that it makes use of the same vitamins as other living things in its internal economy, thanks to the curiosity of today's professors. They have taken to growing pieces of the plant separately. It is possible, for instance, to take a small root off a tomato plant, and keep it growing and growing for years in a dish, never producing anything but fresh root. But it will only do this if provided with sugar and vitamins B_1 and B_2 and one or two other things, in addition to its water and salts.

This kind of experiment is part of a deeper analysis of how plants grow, what kinds of foods the different parts of a plant need, and it is just beginning to tell us what chemical substances will make fresh leaves or roots or buds or flowers or fruit grow. The living plant can be considered as a kind of chemical factory where we are trying to find out what is going on in all the different rooms as a preliminary to persuading the management to change over to the production of the things we want most. This research also probably has a medical value, because the more we learn about the plant, the more we find that it does a great many things in the same way as the human body. Under the skin, as it were, man and the carrot are rather surprisingly alike.

DOSTOIEVSKY'S

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

REVIEWED BY JAMES T. FARRELL

The Brothers Karamazov is the last novel that Dostoievsky wrote. In it he wanted to express—'at least once' before he died—all that he felt and believed. It is the summation of a lifetime of tormented creative activity.

Dostoievsky conceived character as the product of belief. In his work a man is principally that which he believes. And *The Brothers Karamazov* is his broadest, his most general study of problems of belief. It is a dramatic and psychological representation of the moral consequences involved in the acceptance or rejection of the existence of God. If atheism be accepted, then what basis is there for moral action? Without God, man is the ultimate arbiter of what is good and bad. And if this be so, why does not anything go, even, let us say, Raskolnikov's murder in *Crime and Punishment*? Here Dostoievsky was attacking Western bourgeois ethics, which are based on ideas of self-interest and self-development. Behind them he saw the spectres of atheism and revolution. Holy Russia must be saved from these. Neglecting to see the progressive aspects of the historical development of ideas of individualism, he extended these ideas to one logical extreme which focused them as an ethic of the jungle. He dramatised these problems and conceptions by constructing his novel around the contrasting personalities and beliefs of two of the Karamazov brothers, Ivan and Alyosha. The former is a doubter, a Russian Hamlet type, influenced by Western ideas, who seeks to order his life on the basis of rationalism. He fails, and by his doubts drives himself into brain fevers which threaten his life. Alyosha, a man of faith, tries to approximate the example of Christ. He is integrated, optimistic, adjusted to his environment. Thus he serves as a symbol of the author's own faith and becomes, as a result, the ideal Dostoievskian character.

In the eighteen-fifties Dostoievsky wrote in a personal letter that he was tormented by doubts. And he added that, were he forced to accept either Christ or the truth, he would unhesitatingly choose the former, and he would never regret his choice. For him belief was a psychological necessity. The writings of the sick and tortured man of genius are, on the whole, permeated with an intense and passionate determination to be normal and psychologically healthy. In literature he struggled to attain self-integration, inner harmony. The three Karamazov brothers are, in one sense, an objectification of his own consciousness. Ivan represents the doubting side of

his nature; Mitya objectifies his own volatile personality, with its sharp changes from fevered and reckless gambling to moods of remorse, and then to sudden flights of lofty aspiration, and Alyosha idealises what he wanted to be. In creating Alyosha, he attained that inner harmony which he was never to gain in his personal life. *The Brothers Karamazov* is remarkable in its revelation of the author's intense effort to attain self-integration.

These three symbolise not only Dostoievsky but Russia. Thus Mitya is Russia as he conceived her to be, capable of greet deeds and equally capable of great shame. Ivan is a symbolic prediction of the dire catastrophe awaiting Russia if she were to succumb to Western ideas and thereby to reject her Russian God, her Russian Church, her Czar and her historical Russian destiny. This interpretation of the novel reveals how Dostoievsky twined his Slavophilism into the very warp of his story. Toward the end of this novel we see Alyosha with the schoolboys who gather at the bedside of the dying Illusha. Alyosha influences these boys, particularly their leader Kolya, who can become either an Alyosha or an Ivan. And after Alyosha addresses them, following the burial of Illusha, they cheer: 'Hurrah for Karamazov!' This last line of the novel is both a political affirmation and an appeal to the youth of Russia to reject Western ideas and the Revolution.

In order to establish these affirmations, Dostoievsky presents an image of man which, again, is principally symbolised in the three brothers. Mitya is representative of the body; Ivan is symbolic of the mind; Alyosha typifies the spirit. Man, if he merely satisfies the needs and impulses of the body, is a slave of his own passions. He is a sensualist, like Mitya and the elder Karamazov. He is a prisoner of himself, and he sins. But Dostoievsky regarded sin as being naïve and childish rather than evil. In his eyes the sinner was a compassionate figure. Man punishes himself for his sins by his own shame and by his self-imposed moral torments. And if man rises from the plane of the body to that of the mind he is still not free. Then he becomes the victim of doubt and scepticism, and to Dostoievsky scepticism was evil, diabolical. Ivan, one of the most brilliant young men in all nineteenth-century literature, is a pure rationalist. He grapples with problems of faith and belief because he wants to order his life on the basis of pure reason. His end is disastrous. Man gains freedom only by transcending both the body and the mind and by living in the spirit. The life of the spirit is one of faith, of love and of suffering. The ideal of human freedom is the suffering Christ who died on the cross in order to redeem the sins of all mankind. To be free one must follow the example of Christ.

The real hero of this novel is Christ, the Dostoievskian Christ. In the framework of the novel there a succession of influences which establish this ideal and reveal it in operation. Alyosha's teacher, Father Zossima, presents the case for God against atheism. He teaches the doctrines of the Dostoievskian Christ. He influences Alyosha who, in turn, serves as an example for the schoolboys.

Dostoievsky's image of Christ is that of a man more human than other men. He is God because he is the most human, the most compassionate, the most suffering of all men. Thus the question of miracles is important. Dostoievsky takes great pains to demonstrate that there are no miracles in the supernatural sense of the word. When Father Zossima dies and a miracle is expected, Dostoievsky describes how the corpse of the Elder decays with unusual rapidity. The mortal flesh of the Elder, propagator of Christ on earth, is even more corruptible than is most flesh. And Father Zossima's rival, Father Ferrapont, is an unbalanced hermit who believes in miracles and who is forever exorcising devils. This contrast is important. It emphasises what Dostoievsky regarded as the real miracle in life—Christ-like love, which alone can save humanity.

Dostoievsky, a Christian, a Slavophile, a defender of Czarism, did not merely seek to preserve values as they were. He tried to forge new values for Christianity. While his beliefs and ideas were traditional, his psychology was revolutionary. He was a man of the nineteenth century, profoundly influenced by the current of ideas that he opposed with such bitter intensity. As a psychologist, he anticipated Freud. He introduced, in an operational sense, the unconscious mind into fiction. For instance, the comments of Father Zossima are those of a nineteenth-century man rather than a traditional Christian. Dostoievsky's real greatness is expressed in his revolutionary insight. Although he himself believed in the Russian soul, that which he presented as the Russian soul is more correctly described as the human soul. Dostoievsky was a novelist of the consciousness of man. His work is an objectification of the human consciousness presented on the plane of action. This explains the extremism of his characters and the melodrama of his plots. He turned his characters inside out. Their actions are objectifications of their inner life. This is one of the means by which he revealed character as the product of belief. His dialogue is singularly frank. His characters do not hesitate to pour out their

inmost shames, thoughts, aspirations, self-abasements, in frenzied streams of conversation. His use of dialogue is a device, one which serves the same purpose as does the interior monologue of the modern novel.

Also, it is to be noted that in his work there are fewer descriptions of objects and of the objective world than is the case, say, in the writings of Turgenev and Tolstoy. His characters often walk down streets and see almost nothing in the external world; at times they don't even know where they are walking and find that they have taken a certain course because of some unknown inner compulsion. His proud women are amazingly lacking in a sense of their own physical attributes; they show little interest in their own adornment, or in the furniture, objects and colours in their own household. Like the male characters, they are also concerned with their inner consciousness. And when money plays a rôle in one of his plots, as it does in the case of Mitya, it is more significant as a symbol connected with pride than it is as a medium of exchange.

With such an orientation, it is understandable that his conception of inevitability is psychological. As such it is to be distinguished from the inevitability embodied in naturalistic novels: a product of socially determined conditions and laws which prevent man from enforcing his decisions in the outer world. In Dostoievsky, inevitability is expressed as moral torment. The punishment for a crime in his world is self-imposed moral torment which precedes any punishment inflicted by society; in fact, the latter is the stage for a man's regeneration. Writing from such perspectives, and using such means as these, he was able to cut under the conventional conceptions of what is normal and what is abnormal, and thereby to attain a deeper and more profound sense of what man is like.

Dostoievsky reflected Russia standing between the old and the new, between the past and the future. He posed the same essential problem that Tolstoy did in *Anna Karenina*, although in terms of morals and beliefs. Basically, it was a question of what should be done, and his answer was to affirm the Russian past. He threw the whole weight of his genius into an effort to stop the clock of history. Although this novel is one of faith and affirmation, it is one of the most deeply pessimistic novels of the nineteenth century. It offered to mankind only a perspective of endless suffering, as if the purgatory excluded from the doctrines of the Orthodox Church were transferred to this earth. Western methods to alleviate suffering by conquering nature will never make man happier. The revolution will only produce catastrophe. Man must suffer. The noblest man is he who suffers not only for himself but for all his fellow men. Since the world cannot be changed, man must be changed by love. Modern history is warrant enough to indicate that mankind does not, and will not, accept such a fatalistic perspective. Russia did not accept it from Dostoievsky. That which he fought triumphed; that which he affirmed had no future, even in his own lifetime. Regardless of what one thinks of the Russian Revolution, it should be clear by now that in Czarist Russia there was no other force which could offer hope of regeneration and liberation. Backward Russia was moving forward to enter modern history in the full sense of the meaning of these words. And this is what Dostoievsky fought with all the intensity and passion of his genius. He could not regenerate that which history had already sentenced as doomed. His appeal to the youth of Russia fell on deaf ears.

Today certain basic values remain in his writings which should persist as moral values in any future form of society. He wrote with candour, penetration and high seriousness. He came to grips with problems, the importance of which we all must recognise. His novels are marked by a penetrating insight that has rarely been equalled. His work is pervaded with profound compassion. If it is true, as Chekhov remarked, that if one would make man better one must make him see what he is, then we can readily recognise the lasting value of Dostoievsky.

For in his tormented struggles to write he was constantly striving to gain a clearer, a more fundamental image of what men and women were like. He hid nothing of consequence. He truly re-created the grandeur and the misery of human consciousness. One of his major achievements was that of conveying to future ages a profound sense of the worth of individual human beings. Almost ironically, his writings contain this same emphasis on the worth of the human being which is to be found in the past of the Western writers who forged the ideas of individualism.

The tides of history have engulfed his hopes, but not his fame nor the importance of his contributions. These are living influences. His works, especially *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Crime and Punishment*, are endless sources of insight and inspiration to writers and readers. His genius triumphed where his ideas failed. His own life was sad, tragic, even terrible. But at its very end he did achieve his aim of expressing all that he felt and believed—'at least once'—before he died. And that expression forms one of the greatest masterpieces in world literature.

NEW BOOKS

THE LOGIC OF WAR

By Murray Harris. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Squadron-Leader Harris has given a lot of thought to the logic, or, to use a more specific American term which has Mr. Churchill's sanction, the logistics of war. Briefly, it is the art of moving men and material in sufficient quantity to a given place by a given time. It is the least dramatic aspect of war, and also the most vital, for on its success everything else depends.

A well-known aphorism of General Von Willisen serves as a key-phrase for the book: 'Strategy is the study of communications.' And from there, with the whole world as his map-board, the author proceeds to analyse the course of the war. This five-year global struggle has developed, to modify a now famous dictum of Ravenstein, one of Rommel's captured generals, into a paradise for the strategist and a hell for the Quartermaster. The distances that have to be covered are immense, while the equipment and supplies needed to keep a mechanised army in the field are truly formidable. The author estimates that each individual soldier is now backed by 11.5 tons of equipment in the field. In fact, so important has supply become that Squadron-Leader Harris advocates the establishment of a Board of Communications to study this problem exclusively and to advise the High Command on all questions of transportation.

There is, however, in the book, something of wisdom after the event. It is questionable, for instance, whether the Australians will welcome being told that 'a cursory glance at the map' two years ago would have allayed their fear of a Japanese invasion. Were we so sure at the time? But in his main theme the author argues soundly: it is useless to attack until you have amassed the means to strike decisively. This, of course, is not a deduction of strategy, but of common sense.

He is hard, too hard, on Clausewitz, who will surely always remain one of the great philosophers of war. The basic principles which he enunciated are accepted still. He was sometimes wrong; he contradicted himself often, but he was also deep in the heart of his subject. Do we reject Napoleon's statement that 'the moral is to the physical as three is to one', because on another occasion he said that 'an army marches on its stomach'? It is the strategist's privilege to adjust his thinking to new developments. Even General Dittmar is doing that.

It is difficult also to accept the author's categorical statement that there is no answer to the high-altitude bomber. All experience shows that every technical advance brings, in time, its own negation. But these are minor blemishes in an interesting book.

R. A. WILLIAMS

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By Colonel S. Bonsal. *Michael Joseph.* 18s.

This is a diary written by the former chief interpreter of the American President Wilson. Neither Wilson nor Colonel House were linguists, and it was Colonel Bonsal's task to act as interpreter during the important sessions which followed President Wilson's proposal for a League of Nations.

The book opens with notes made on the 7th November, 1918, and follows the Paris Peace Conference 1918–19, of which it gives a personal account from a coign of peculiar vantage. Some of the subjects taken up at the Conference have hardly ever been discussed with so much frankness and such full command of detail. Colonel Bonsal, having dealt with the armistice and the first draft of the Covenant, relates his experiences whilst travelling with General Smuts to South Eastern Europe. In his chapter 'Berlin' he gives his impression of the turbulent times in the Reich's capital.

An observer so close to the scene as Bonsal is worth following, but his claim that this book should help to understand the problems of the next peace is difficult to accept. His observations on Weimar Germany would hardly fit those of the Germany that will be left under the care of the Allied Military Government control. The notes on American opposition to further association in European politics carry a warning to other than American readers that is far more important than his impressions of South Eastern Europe after 1918, which have remote historical value.

Among the agreeable distinctions of Colonel Bonsal is a modesty not always so marked in American writings on President Wilson. The author is brutally frank about mistakes and errors made during that critical time, and his objectiveness should contribute something to the solution of similar problems now developing. But Nazi Germany is not the Germany of 1918; it presents entirely new difficulties.

W. B. HART

AN ATLAS OF POST-WAR PROBLEMS

By J. F. Horrabin. *Penguin*. 9d.

Mr. Horrabin teaches international politics with almost more maps than words. The method is painless—but useful all the same. It is some time since he produced *An Atlas of Post-War Problems* and, in the meanwhile, some of the maps have changed—particularly the map of Hitler's superannuated New Order. But his plain, simplified, unpretentious discussion of the problems, so to say, behind the maps has gained, if anything, by the passage of time. Hitler, he reminds us, did to a large extent unify Europe economically, and the post-war problem will be to preserve that unification on a basis of co-operation and for the use of all peoples. That is no untimely reminder just now. Again—'must whatever basic changes are necessary be made only in Germany, or will they need to be made in all European countries?' Mr. Horrabin gives no categoric replies to these questions, yet his book is still an instructive invitation to us to think about them—and to keep on thinking about them.

JAMES MONAHAN

MARSHAL TITO

By Michael Padev. *Muller*. 5s.

It would be hard to find a more stirring subject for a contemporary biography than Marshal Tito, for he personifies the heroic struggle of Europe's underground forces against the German invader. Both as soldier and as politician, Tito is one of the outstanding figures of our age. Mr. Padev gives a vigorous picture of Tito, and you cannot, perhaps, blame him if his account of this great partisan leader turns out to be a highly partisan account. Being a passionate adherent of Tito—and who can blame him for that?—Mr Padev fails to mention that it was King Peter who overthrew the quisling régime of Prince Paul and ordered the Yugoslav army to resist Hitler.

As Mr. Padev points out, Marshal Tito's partisans succeeded, over a period of years, in keeping busy a larger number of German divisions than any other Allied army except that of Soviet Russia. Yet it in no way detracts from the credit due to Tito if one points out that, at a critical moment in the struggle against Hitler, King Peter's Government also made a most important contribution to the success of the Allied cause. But there will be many readers who will enjoy Mr. Padev's book all the more for the fact that it is written with plenty of vigorous bias.

PETER MATTHEWS

Willy Lott's House. From John Constable: *The Hay Wain*. The Gallery Books No. 5. *Percy Lund Humphries*. 4s. 6d.

SOUTH OF THE CONGO

By Selwyn James. *John Long*. 12s. 6d.

There was room for a book on the politics and economics of Africa south of the Congo—on the ideas and ideologies of white men and black in the Union, Portuguese East Africa, Rhodesia, Madagascar, and the protectorates and mandates—and this will do until a better comes along. That one puts it as unenthusiastically as that is the fault of Mr. James's irritatingly sloppy 'bright writing' and superficiality of judgment; defects that persuade one into less than justice, perhaps, to the sincere humanity of his views and to the enthusiasm with which he has covered the ground, literally and figuratively. He has assembled facts, many of which must be new even to the well-informed—about the extent of anti-semitism in the Union, for instance, about Nazi-Afrikaaner fifth-column activities, about white oppression of black—and then sows the seeds of irrational doubt about their validity by such writing as 'Rhodes was given the green light on the strict understanding that if his scheme flopped . . .' and 'the Uitlanders kept right on agitating for a franchise . . . and Kruger kept right on refusing.' The reader finds it hard to believe that a man who can write like that will be subtle in his analysis of a character like Smuts's; nor is he. But he is a good reporter of the conditions (to take one example) in which Bantus in Cape Colony are exploited and even hunted. And it is salutary to be reminded that the *Herrenvolk* nonsense can flourish as easily in the British Commonwealth as in Eastern Europe and the Deep South.

CYRIL RAY

THE UNREST IN RELIGION

By Erasmian. *Allen & Unwin.* 6s.

This is an inquiry by a thoughtful and educated layman into the basis of the Christian religion. He describes himself as a member of the Church of England, and his book as an inquiry into the position of the church. It is hardly that. Erasmian could have taken a lot more for granted and still more effectively challenged the position of the church in the modern world.

He has carefully gone into the place of the Gospels, and the Creeds—a process which has been gone through over and over again. Erasmian produces nothing new, but at least he has read the authorities, and his easy manner of presenting the various views should commend his book to serious laymen.

There is a pleasant, old-fashioned atmosphere about Erasmian's methods which makes it pretty clear that he has mis-read the times in which he lives. There is very little more to be said about the documents of the Christian religion: Scholars of the last fifty years have done their work, and Erasmian himself provides a useful exposition of the results. But there is a lot to be said, fresh and exciting, about the place of this well-documented, historical religion in the world as we know it. Can Erasmian go on to give us another book dealing with the real 'unrest in religion' and step out from his documents into real life?

CECIL NORTHCOTT

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

By Pearl S. Buck. *Methuen.* 6s.

I found this collection of reprinted articles and talks profoundly sincere, and often very moving although, unfortunately, the first of them is much the least good. At a time when China and her leaders are coming in for so much ill-informed and often spiteful criticism, Pearl Buck's defence of China is of the greatest value. She is writing of a country which she knows, understands, and loves, even if her devotion to China sometimes strikes you as too uncritical.

British readers of *What America Means to Me* may well feel that, in her treatment of India, the author over-simplifies the issues at stake. She writes most warmly of the Congress party, and she also favours the industrialisation of India. But what of Gandhi's known preference for the spinning-wheel? Can you argue that the British, by handing over to the Congress leaders, would have permitted India to increase her contribution to the United Nations' war effort when Gandhi is a professed believer in non-resistance, and when, in any conflict between him and Nehru, Gandhi has a way of coming out on top? I did not feel that Mrs. Buck knows India as she knows China.

But she does not, like so many Americans, lay herself open to the reproach of criticising British policy to the coloured races in India, whilst ignoring the American attitude to the coloured population of the United States. She writes courageously of the colour bar in America, thereby, no doubt, making herself unpopular with many Americans, and for this she deserves our respect.

THE DUTCH NATION

By G. J. Renier. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

This book is clearly the work of a profound, careful and thoughtful scholar who, unlike so many profound scholars, has the gift of making his writings readable. Just occasionally, when he sets out to expound his theory of history, and of the manner in which it should be written, he is apt to grow a little pompous, but I enjoyed reading his account of the Dutch Nations none the less. In form it is a series of essays, and it suffers from the fact that the author assumes a knowledge of his subjects which few, indeed very few, of his readers will possess. He assumes that you are familiar with the historical sequence of events in the Netherlands between the revolt against Philip of Spain and the re-emergence of Holland after the end of the Napoleonic wars. So far as I myself was concerned, and I suspect that this will be true of all but a few of his readers, this assumption was unwarranted, and, as a result, I often found myself out of my depth. Perhaps, if he publishes a second edition of this undoubtedly valuable book, he will begin with a chronological table of the principal happenings in the Netherlands during the period which he treats. It would be a great help.

Dr. Renier sets out to explode some generally-accepted errors—that the Revolt of the Netherlands was the product of Dutch nationalism; that it was a Protestant, democratic movement. In fact, he asserts, Dutch national consciousness drew out of the revolt, in which Protestants and Catholics alike co-operated under oligarchic leadership. Sometimes, perhaps, his reaction against accepted theories carried him too far, for example in his treatment of Philip II of Spain. But his analysis is certainly very convincing. I suspect Dr. Renier wrote with a small and very learned audience in mind and, as a result, he asks rather a lot of the less instructed reader.

PETER MATTHEWS

OUR TWO DEMOCRACIES AT WORK

By K. B. Smellie. *Harrap*. 6s.

Mr. Smellie, his publisher tells us, has spent a considerable time in America. Having read that first, I expected a different book. This one might well have been written in the British Museum.

The author's theme is the comparison of constitutional procedure in the U.S.A. and Britain. It is therefore in the main a historical survey of the development of Parliament and Congress. If his purpose was to foster a better understanding between the United States and ourselves, I think Mr. Smellie has failed. His book is too crowded with historical data, his style too uninspired, to attract the normal reader; while the student will want to know more than has been crammed into these sixty-odd pages. For America is bigger than her Constitution; Congress and Senate are only a partial expression of American thinking. The dynamism which has startled the world in the last four years is to be found, not in Washington, but in America's factories and fields, in the extraordinary, almost naïve impulse of the common man to produce and to approve of the product of his labour. It is a pity that Mr. Smellie has not made use of his acquaintance with that wide land of astonishing contrasts to point his narrative. The photographs are the best thing in the book. They have little relevance to the text.

R. A. WILLIAMS

THE ART OF WAR ON LAND

By Lieut.-Col. Alfred H. Burne. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.

Colonel Burne successfully re-casts certain fundamental principles of strategy on land and illustrates the subjects under discussion by means of examples from military history.

The book is a valuable contribution to the ever-increasing British writing on this subject which has been notably expanded during the last two years in this country. The foreword is written by the Assistant Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Major General J. N. Kennedy, C.B., M.C., who very rightly points out that at one time or another all participants in this war have been guilty of the most flagrant breach of the first principle of strategy: concentration.

The author divides his book into two parts: (1) *The Theory*, comprising hardly 23 pages of his book; and (2) *The Practice*, dealing with historical examples in about 200 pages.

Colonel Burne has substantiated his *Theory* aptly and with abundant knowledge. The examples from military history, ranging from the Battle of Kadesh (1288 B.C.) to the 1943 Tunisian Campaign, are well chosen, and the comments made after each example help to answer questions which would occur to the military student. The book brings modern and old thought on strategy into correct perspective and for that reason alone would be one of the most valuable recent contributions to military historical study. Simplified sketches and diagrams illustrate the examples employed and a distinguished feature of the book is its clear and concise language. It will hold its place for its simplified re-cast of involved military history.

W. E. HART

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT

By A. L. Rowse. *Macmillan*. 12s. 6d.

Although one may have more respect for a mind like Ouspensky's which sees that there are two histories, 'the history of crime . . . the history which everybody knows, the history which is taught in schools', and a 'hidden history', than for the mind of a writer, however scholarly and impassioned, who is primarily interested in those figures which strut upon the dunghills of our sorry world, it is impossible, as a reader, not to be caught up in Mr. Rowse's enthusiasm when he deals with subjects so obviously dear to him as Mr. Winston Churchill, definitions of patriotism, heroes of our adventure tales and Oxford and Cambridge associations. But his statement in the Preface that he is in search of 'the uncommon man, the man of genius or ability', whom he regards as 'more interesting, more rewarding' and ultimately of greater benefit to his country than the total of lives that will make up our 'century of the Common Man' is best vindicated perhaps in several essays on the Elizabethans. His insight, which suffers distortion when directed upon contemporaries, here picks out, one feels, the essence of the sixteenth-century pageant.

The essay on 'The Tudor Character' contains the nice observation: 'Magnificence, with a man of such gifts of intellect as Ralegh, ran to intellectual pride . . . With us, it seems to be entirely absent from our public figures, with whom more pains are taken to disguise any tincture of intellectuality behind a decent exterior of commonplaceness than the Elizabethans took to display all their brilliance.' Mr. Rowse cautiously appends a note to the effect that this was written in 1935 and that 'things have undergone a fortunate change since, though not until a great war made it necessary.' But it is just possible that his original judgment was correct; and indeed what a fine passionate chronicler of our mad lives Mr. Rowse would become if he would cease depositing his visiting cards and concentrate on the undoubted fund of his deeper mind!

REGINALD MOORE

'*She sure is literary*' NEW YORKER

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

by John Hilton. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The late Professor John Hilton's subject for the Sir Halley Stewart Trust lectures is even more topical today than when they were delivered in 1938. These lectures, as Sir William Beveridge's foreword says, 'illuminate one side of our economic structure as it stood then. They throw into relief an inequality of fortune to which we should determine never to return.' At last the Government also has determined to give at least a basis of stability to the whole wage-earning community. *Rich Man, Poor Man* provides expert evidence, in which statistics are lightened by humanity and humour, of the widespread need for just such legislation.

In a country whose private wealth would come to about £1,500 per family, if it were equally divided, one hundredth of the adult population own over half of the total sum. Eight of our twelve million families possess less than £100 each, while probably four millions of them live literally from hand to mouth or in some degree of debt. How is it that so few own so much of the country's wealth and so many own so little? Believing that 'economic theory not based on a knowledge of people is economic rubbish', Professor Hilton proceeds to his answer via an investigation into the getting and spending of three hundred poor families. The propertylessness of those in the middle range he accounts for in terms of pints, pools, cigarettes, cinemas, totalisators and tricksters. How every family could achieve not only security against mishap but a lump sum for furthering its own fancies or fortune, is then discussed on lines that remarkably anticipate, and to some extent outstrip, today's Social Insurance.

ALAN WALBANK

BRITISH WOODLAND TREES

By H. L. Edlin. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.

Designed 'for the use of foresters, woodmen, forestry students, field naturalists, and the great lay public which loves and admires the woodland heritage of this country', this, for its size and price, is easily the most comprehensive and lavishly-produced work of its kind yet published.

Mr. Edlin's subject can be briefly summed up as the identification of British trees at all stages from seedling to maturity, and with the essential facts governing their growth and utilisation. His method is to take individually every species of woodland tree in this country, first giving a general description, then following with details of its leaves, seed, pollination, distribution, height and girth of the normal specimen, the most favourable soil and time for sowing, susceptibility to disease, etc., and a summary of the uses to which its timber is put. At the end of the book he has given a comprehensive key to help in the identification of any tree by its twigs and buds, leaves, flowers, fruits and bark. The text is supplemented by some 133 half-tone and line illustrations. Among these are reproductions of the magnificent plates from John Evelyn's *Silva* and of some truly lovely tree photographs, which alone make the book one to possess. All tree lovers, and all whose business lies with trees, will be grateful for this splendidly-produced volume; but how Messrs. Batsford have managed in wartime to publish it at such a moderate price is a mystery.

R. MILES

BE YOUR OWN BRAINS TRUST

By 'Democrat'. *Hutchinson.* 5s.

We may be (we often are) infuriated by the B.B.C. Brains Trust's preference for the trivial and the flippant rather than the real problem. But the Brains Trust is a parent with, I believe, some less flippant-minded offspring. One such offspring is this book by 'Democrat'—not a very recent book, but one which should by now have helped many discussion groups to argue about far from trivial questions. Time has produced answers—not necessarily the right answers—to some of the questions posed by 'Democrat'. We now know, for instance, the principles which will govern demobilisation. But, in spite of all the leading articles, many of us do not know the answers to the questions: How far should we plan? What is the purpose of education? Can we achieve full employment? 'Democrat', in a word, helps people to become better democrats—by helping them to argue.

JAMES MONAHAN

CITIZENS *VERSUS* DOCTORS

By C. Fraser Mackenzie.
True Health Publishing Co. 3s.

Mr. Mackenzie believes that the health of the country should be the concern of the whole nation, and advocates a disinterested State Medical Service. At present, he argues, the vested interest of the chemical manufacturers and the chemists, whom doctors are unwilling or unable to resist, is poisoning us with patent medicines and other medicines, instead of showing us how to live the sane and healthy lives that would put every chemist into Carey Street.

He makes a cogent and forceful case to show that even the most orthodox prescriptions made out by the most respectable practitioners have the cumulative effect of deadly poison. But 'the interest of chemical firms is to sell as many drugs as possible while the interest of the public, if they only knew it, is to take as few drugs as possible.' He goes on to tell us why, by means of a searching and rather sensational analysis of all the common or garden household remedies prescribed by doctors, and he sums up in 'the truth is that all medicines are poisonous. It is only a matter of dosage whether they destroy the body slowly or quickly.'

To his aid the author summons some impressive authorities. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that 'if 99% of all the drugs we possess were thrown into the sea, it would be a good thing for the human race, but rather hard on the fishes.' Sir Almroth Wright is also quoted: 'We must admit we have been practising quackery', and Sir Morrell Mackenzie: 'If there were not a single drop of medicine in the world, the death-rate would be lower than it is.'

Mr. Fraser Mackenzie talks sense, and to make it sink in, he thinks he must talk it sensationally. But he surely overlooks this. It is not very easy for a lop-sided and over-organised community to live a sane and healthy life, so for the diseases of civilisation it has to resort to civilisation's palliatives. That these are not merely palliatives is proved by the fact that although most people lived a more natural life in 1840 than they did in 1940, the death-rate in the former (peace) year was 21 per thousand, and in the latter (war) year, when by his own showing we consumed many more 'poisonous' drugs, it was 14 per thousand.

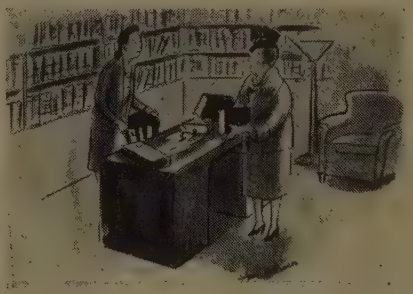
GEORGE EDINGER

THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS

By A. J. Liebling. *Michael Joseph.*
12s. 6d.

All roads lead to Paris for the cultured man, and A. J. Liebling is a man with cultivated tastes. In this witty, intelligent record of the present war, we get an intimate view of the men behind the scenes as well as those in active battle on many fronts. In fact, Mr. Liebling's personal account of the war furnishes us with reportage of a most exemplary order; his curiosity and fascination for the vagaries and eccentricities of mankind produce a racy, often irreverent tone to his book. Liebling's assignment took him to the front lines at Gafsa during the North African campaign, where he talked to American soldiers from Brooklyn and a cross section of the States.

Like most epicures and *bon vivants*, Liebling has many happy, unforgettable memories of Paris—student days, talks with old cronies, the restaurants and street cafés where a student in the art of gastronomy could find his spiritual and earthly home. Liebling is a man of fearless, strongly individual viewpoints. An interview with General Gamelin convinced him that here was the most sensitive man he had ever met. The most engaging chapters in the book deal with Paris and the provincial towns in France, whose names now appear again in the newspapers as the Allies' liberating armies daily recapture those occupied villages from the retreating Boche. Liebling provides us with odd, irrelevant bits of information here and there, with personal anecdotes which testify to his essentially affable nature, his ironic, though nevertheless tolerant, understanding of human nature in war and peace.



'I'm afraid I bit off more Robert E. Lee *than I could chew'*
NEW YORKER

Jael Denny. Woodcut from a nineteenth-century broadsheet. From *Hogarth and English Caricature*, edited by F. D. Klingender. *Transatlantic Arts Ltd.* 15s.

COMMON CAUSE
By G. A. Borgese. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Professor Borgese is not alone in his belief that good or evil is determined by the percentage of intelligence or ignorance among *homo sapiens*. Enlightened man is united today against the darker forces of evil and stupidity. Borgese, who is well known to students in advanced classes at the University of Chicago, is an erudite and highly persuasive historian who enjoys examining the past to find preventives, if not whole solutions, to our present-day conflicts. The current war only strengthens Borgese's arguments. He looks somewhat cynically on the accomplishments of nations and their leaders whose efforts and schemes, Machiavellian or idealistic, have landed us in another world war. His political knowledge of the international scene is exhaustive, and one chapter in particular on why and how the British Empire has failed will disturb a great many readers with its bitter, pessimistic note. Apparently the gracious, *laissez-faire* political policy which has stood by Britain in the past is not enough for her to hold on to her Colonies in the future, says this distinguished philosopher, who is now living in America. The camp fires are dying; the sun is setting. Britain, who has never had need of an established policy, whose illustrious past has been as miraculous as it was rapid in its advance considering the fact that she staked all on a delicate balance of power, makeshifts, and that unmistakably English 'common law' agreement between her island folk, according to Borgese, must give up her old equivocal ways. She must take a definite stand in the international set-up or else become a second-rate power. These are harsh words, but dogmatic as some of these statements will appear to most of us, there are undeniable truths brought to light here by one whose painstaking research and intellectual powers command our respect. RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

BRITISH SEA FISHERMEN
By Peter F. Anson

BRITISH MARINE LIFE
By C. M. Yonge

Collins 'Britain in Pictures' Series.
4s. 6d. each.

It is appropriate that these two additions to the 'Britain in Pictures' series should be published together, for they are in many ways complementary, and both authors have something to say on a problem of importance and urgency—that of the future of British sea fishery. Mr. Anson, a marine artist of distinction (several of his paintings are reproduced in the book) and a fisherman who knows well the places of which he writes, describes all the most important fishing ports and harbours of Britain, their history, the men who set forth from them and the types of fishing in which each specialises. Many of his facts will come as a surprise to most people. How many, for instance, realise that Great Yarmouth has been associated with the herring fisheries since the time of the Roman occupation of Britain? Or that Hull alone has some 50,000 shore workers engaged (in peacetime) in the fishing industry and allied undertakings?

In his equally comprehensive essay, Professor Yonge is concerned with the whole of the marine life around our shores—plankton, sea worms, shells, etc., as well as fish—and with the British naturalists who have done so much to increase man's knowledge, not only of life in the seas round this island but in all the seas of the world. It is a fascinating story, the text backed up by numerous charming illustrations, several in colour. R. MILES

HENRY YEVELE:
THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT
By John H. Harvey. *Batsford.* 15s.

Of all the arts, architecture is the one to which in the past least attention has been paid by the general public, but there has been of late quite a flow of books on the subject, dealing with architecture of the past or of the future. Mr. Harvey's book, giving an account of the life and work of one of the greatest English architects of all times, is a notable addition to their number. Certain of his conclusions may arouse controversy, but a great many people will agree with his suggestion that the study of Yevele should be the first care of those who desire to build up a 'new and sincere English architecture, rooted in the past, yet fitted for the changed conditions of the present.'

Henry Yevele was born about 1320 (the exact date is uncertain), at a time when architecture in Britain was breaking away from Continental influences and developing a true national style based on centuries of growing tradition. This style, the 'Perpendicular', was still in the experimental state when Yevele, having survived the fearful plague of 1348, established himself in London as a designer and carver of tombs and monuments, but open to bigger work if offered. The wave of religious feeling that followed the Black Death gave him his chance, and it is not long before we find him in Royal service, first of the Black Prince, then of Edward III himself. About 1360 he held a position which was in effect Chief Architect for southern England. Thereafter, until his death some forty years later, he brought the new Perpendicular style to a pitch of perfection, turning out such masterpieces in stone as Westminster Hall, the nave and west cloister of Westminster Abbey, the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, the West Gate at Canterbury, the tomb of Edward III, to name but a fraction of his work, for he was a prolific and versatile genius. Yevele was a contemporary of Chaucer's, and Mr. Harvey considers that he did for our architecture what Chaucer did for our language.

With its wealth of magnificent illustrations, this is a valuable and not untimely book which can be recommended as much to the intelligent layman as to the architect.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

WHILE THE SIRENS SLEPT

By Lord Dunsany. *Jarrolds.* 10s. 6d.

Lord Dunsany's autobiography, like all Lord Dunsany's writings, runs along with the ease and grace which has won for him so many 'fans' throughout the English-speaking world. He has a great many entertaining anecdotes to relate, anecdotes which he has culled in his travels through Europe, Asia, Africa and America. There are, perhaps, rather too many sunsets for my taste. Yet, even if you like Lord Dunsany's whimsical manner, and it is not everybody's cup of tea, I am afraid that you may find *While the Sirens Slept* rather disappointing. This, at any rate, is the verdict of a confirmed Dunsany 'fan' whose impressions I checked against my own.

For one thing, Lord Dunsany's biography of himself is a rather egocentric book. Perhaps you will argue that this is inevitable in an autobiography. But when I say 'egocentric', I mean that, when the author went to America, the thing which seemed most to preoccupy his mind was the reaction of the Americans to himself and to his work. Personally, when I accompany a very acute observer to a very fascinating country, I hope to get from him something more than an account of how the inhabitants reacted to him and his writings. This matter is, no doubt, passionately interesting to him, but it is much less interesting to the general reader. Fortunately the American public's reaction was very gratifying: 'they appreciate some things that England sometimes leaves posterity to bother about.'

PETER MATTHEWS

THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE

By Rosamond Lehmann. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

Novels are invariably being compared with films, plays, clear woodland streams, houses afire, etc. One thinks, however, of gardens almost immediately on reading Miss Lehmann's novel: a particular garden, in fact, where one either finds peace or unrest—there can be no happy compromise. Rosamund Lehmann has created quite a fairyland of magical spells and hidden secrets. It is the nature of the secrets which seems all wrong, for there is something dreadfully evil and decadent about the forces at play in Miss Lehmann's exquisite adolescent world. We have a precocious girl of ten in whose prodigious memory the reader finds some difficulty in believing, even after the author qualifies her tale with a reminder that Rebecca, the narrator, is but a bottomless vessel invented to hold all the outpourings and confidences of her elders. Mrs. Jardine, the mysterious lady who lives next door to Rebecca's family, invites the children over to pick primroses and stay for tea. There unfolds from this point a story so melodramatic, so charged with suspense as seen through the eyes of this sensitive child, preoccupied with grown-ups' sins, with motives and sensations beyond her complete comprehension, that only a novelist of Miss Lehmann's skill could possibly carry it off. Only as a work of sheer imagination can this be judged. Some of Miss Lehmann's touches are subtle enough. Through a series of questions cleverly insinuated by the child's curiosity, the reader finds himself unable to break away from the interrogation sign driving him on to the finish. Yes, here is a thriller that gathers momentum, but it also places terrific demands on the most patient of readers. Some will find Miss Lehmann's style as lush as ever, for like a beautiful garden filled with lovely blooms, the book has too many weeds—its most poignant thoughts and expressions are often strangled, choked by too many words.

RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

NORFOLK PORTRAITS

By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. *Faber & Faber.* 15s.

Among England's lesser eccentrics there must be an honoured place for Dr. Messenger Monsey, who is the subject of one of Mr. Ketton-Cremer's eight entertaining studies of Norfolk 'personnages and events' of the century and a half following on the Restoration. Dr. Monsey's novel method of dentistry—practised on himself and glowingly recommended to his friends—which involved tying an offending tooth to a bullet, which was then shot from his pistol, would alone almost qualify him for the eccentrics' gallery; but he had other qualifications. This eighteenth-century Norfolk doctor, whom a lucky chance brought to London, had a malicious wit which spared no one (he contradicted Sir Robert Walpole, intimidated Garrick and scandalised Johnson, among others); a wit which made him highly unpopular and yet at the same time secured him a place at the tables of the eminent. 'Uncouth, unwashed, delivering himself of outrageous remarks or behaving at table in an unseemly manner', he could hardly have been a lovable figure; but his tongue and general buffoonery amused London society and that was what mattered. He died at the fine old age of 95.

Another 'character', but of different calibre, whom Mr. Ketton-Cremer has drawn from his eighteenth-century obscurity, is that 'busybody, sponger and cad', Richard Gardiner, who claimed—on extremely nebulous grounds—to be the natural son of the Second Earl of Orford. The story of his attempts to make his fortune successively in the Navy, the Army, the Church and the marriage market, and then by a resourceful and none-too-scrupulous pen, makes good reading, though it is hardly so edifying, shall we say, as Smiles' *Self-Help*. Among Mr. Ketton-Cremer's other studies are an excellent essay on the end of the famous Paston family; a portrait of Benjamin Stillingfleet, whose somewhat conspicuous hose were responsible for the term 'Blue-Stocking' being applied to Mrs. Montagu and other intellectual ladies of the day; and an account, apposite for these times, of Norfolk's preparations to resist invasion in the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic Wars. Written in a quiet style, without any easy pandering to the dramatic, *Norfolk Portraits* is a book with a great deal of entertainment and delight in its pages; its production, incidentally, is fully up to pre-war standards.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

WITHOUT pageantry, and with no parade, President Roosevelt's Fourth Term Inauguration, scheduled for January 20th, will be the soberest in history. Roosevelt himself has expressed that, in deference to wartime conditions, ceremony shall cost less than two thousand dollars (one-tenth of normal times) and that it shall be held at White House, instead of on Capital Portico. Harry S. Truman will take Vice-Presidential oath at same time. With few exceptions, American Presidents have traditionally taken the oath of office at Capitol since 1825, when John Quincy Adams was sworn in in House Chamber. Among exceptions were Presidents Fillmore, Hayes, Taft and Coolidge. Calvin Coolidge was sworn in by his father—Justice of Peace Colonel John Coolidge—in early morning hours, by lamplight, in family homestead at Plymouth Notch, Vermont, on receiving news of President Harding's death.

COUNTER BLAST TO TOBACCO

UNITED STATES Vice-Presidents seldom make history. One exception was Woodrow Wilson's associate, Thomas R. Marshall, whose effigy in Capitol's Hall of Statuary is usually pointed out to visitors, with rolling-off of the sentence that made him famous: 'What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar.' Vice-President-Elect Truman recently refused to uphold tobacco in the manner of his predecessor. 'I do not smoke, so I do not care,' was his answer to request for aid over current cigarette shortage. Incidentally, Anti-Cigarette Alliance regards present acute shortage as fine opportunity for millions to drop 'useless, healthy-destroying habit', recommending chewing on gentian root as substitute.

FOLLOW THE DRUM

LIEUT.-GENERAL HUGH A. DRUM, Commander of New York Guard, will be in his element doing honours in the Empire State Building, to the Presidency of which he has been appointed, succeeding his life-long friend, the late Governor Al. Smith. The Empire State Building is the world's tallest structure. It has eighty-six storeys, plus sixteen-storey tower; and has two million square feet of office space. Drum's office suite is on the Thirty-second Floor. His salary is forty thousand dollars a year.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York
Exclusive Cable to *World Review*

CROSS-SECTION
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

A. Crossman

Russian Enigma

THE idea of a regional grouping of the nations of Western Europe continues to be the centre of discussion on the post-war settlement. Criticism of the idea has been almost equally vocal in Soviet Russia and in the United States. In France and Belgium, Communist propaganda against it reached its climax on the eve of General de Gaulle's departure for Moscow. French official spokesmen, obviously anxious to avoid any commitments, have so far sought safety in vagueness. It would seem, however, that the Russian objections have made an impression, and during their visit to Moscow the French Ministers will probably try to discover how far these objections, which have so far been of a propagandist nature, reflect the official Soviet view. Both General de Gaulle and M. Bidault emphasised in this week's debate on foreign policy in the Consultative Assembly that France's interests are not confined to the west of Europe. M. Bidault spoke of the French interest in the Danube area and General de Gaulle announced that the French Government will make its own proposals for the delimitation of Germany's frontiers in the east as well as in the west. There is something of a dilemma for Moscow here. It is most unlikely that French initiatives in Central or Eastern Europe will be anything but most unwelcome to Russia. But how is it possible to argue regionalism in the east and universalism in the west? For the moment, the emphasis is all on universalism, and Marshal Stalin has told a Polish delegation that Poland must not look to the east alone, but must remain allied to Great Britain, France and the United States. Is it perhaps Russian policy to preach universalism (for the confusion of the Western Union), but silently to practise regionalism nearer home?

The Economist

'Church Times' Worried

FOR the second time in the present war the unhappy population of Poland has to experience on its own soil the existing discrepancy between Soviet and Western European interpretations of the same conceptions. When the Russian troops entered Eastern Poland in 1939, they did it, according to M. Molotov's declaration at the time, as 'protectors' of the local inhabitants. In reality, however, during one and a half years of the Russians' stay there—from September 1939 to June 1941—over one million people were deported to Siberia and put into forced labour camps, as described in the *Church Times* on 12 May 1944.

It was hoped, however, that at present, with the U.S.S.R. an outstanding leader of the United Nations—of which Poland was the founder, as the first to fight Hitler—and when Marshal Stalin has repeatedly assured the world of friendly Soviet intentions towards the Polish nation, the Red Army would re-enter Poland as a genuine liberator of the Polish people. Unhappily, all the latest news tells the opposite story. Arrests and mass deportations are being renewed, and are proceeding on a large scale everywhere in Poland. They are, however, carried out with different aims on the East from the West side of the so-called Curzon Line. Polish provinces situated east of this line (46% of the area and 33% of the population of pre-war Poland) are considered by the Russians as incorporated into the U.S.S.R. For this reason the whole effort of Soviet administration is directed to create there as many *faits accomplis* as possible, which would diminish the possibility of these territories ever returning to Poland. Therefore, complete Sovietisation and de-Polonisation is forced on the inhabitants. Private ownership of land is abolished and replaced by collective farming, while the whole educational system is being reorganised according to the Communistic pattern.

To suppress the Polish character of the population, especially in Vilna and Lvov provinces, three means were adopted. In the first place, thousands of people were deported into the interior of Russia, either as politically 'unreliable elements', or as workers to forced labour for reconditioning of the Donetz basin and the Black Sea ports. From the one region of Tarnopol in Eastern Galicia alone, more than forty thousand persons, mostly women, were sent to those areas. Secondly, all young and able-bodied men were forcibly incorporated into the Red Army, and dispatched to the front. Thirdly, arrangements were made with the Lublin Committee to transfer the remaining Polish population to the west of the Curzon line. No less severe is the fate of Polish Ukranians, who are being executed by thousands by the N.K.V.D. (Soviet political police) because of their strong nationalistic feeling.

The Isle that Grew from the Sea

A little land above the surface of the sea ; white surf and leaning palms . . . but underneath, out of sight, the foundations go down deep and wide to the bed of the ocean.

So, too, with great industrial organisations like that of Philips. Their achievements and the high reputation of Philips products are broad-based on persistent research, skilled technicians, highly-developed factories and long-accumulated knowledge and experience of the application of electricity to the needs of the modern world.

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AND ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

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The situation in the territories west of the Curzon line, however similar in fact to that on the eastern side, is nominally different. The Russians are willing to treat these territories as formally Polish, and therefore to administer them they have set up a special body under a Polish name as the 'Polish National Committee of Liberation', composed, not of Russians, but mostly of Polish Communists. But the local population, which recognises the Polish Government in London as the only legal authority, refuses to submit to the orders of the Committee. In these conditions the Committee can keep itself in power only by means of ever-increasing terror performed by its own 'people's militia' or by the N.K.V.D.

The persecution is directed in the first place against the Polish home army and underground State organisation, created there by the Polish Government during the German occupation. Those members who refuse to take the oath to the Committee are accused of being Fascists or war-criminals, and are put in concentration camps. As practically the entire patriotically active elements of the population participated in the Underground movement directed by the Polish Government, the number of arrested persons amounts to tens of thousands. In the district of Lublin alone it exceeds twenty-one thousand.

To imprison the arrested, not only are former German concentration camps used as, for instance, the notorious one at Majdanek, but also several new ones were recently opened. The severity of conditions in these camps may be illustrated by the fact that in the camp of Krzeslin (east of Warsaw) prisoners have been confined in covered ditches six feet deep, where they have to remain in complete darkness with water up to their knees. Lately several thousand people, mostly officers of the Home army and officials of the underground civil administration, were deported from these camps to Kazan and Riazan in Russia.

All this terror is unable to break the will of the population to manifest its real feelings. During the recent visit of M. Mikolajczyk to Moscow, Lublin was secretly placarded with posters demanding that the administration of Polish territories should be handed to the Polish Government. The proclamation of a state of siege in Lublin and new mass arrests are so far the only reply to that demand.

Such are present conditions in liberated Poland. Everyone must admit that they differ essentially from those prevailing in France or Belgium.

The Church Times

Western Union?

No sooner was the suggestion made that the regional arrangements foreseen in the Dumbarton Oaks plan should be worked out in western and eastern Europe without delay, than excited commentators like Mr. David Lawrence began to talk of *blocs*, of spheres of influence, and of the re-emergence of 'balance of power politics'. The foundations of international organisation, he said, were being 'frittered away' even before the charter was submitted to Congress.

This and similar pronouncements prompted the *New York Herald Tribune* recently to ask whether American commentators will 'never learn anything.' 'Why,' it asks, 'is it any worse for the Russians to try to organise some going and peaceable system in the areas surrounding Russia, or for the British to try to bring their neighbour peoples together in a common scheme for maintaining a practicable order and defence, than it is for the United States to do exactly the same thing on the American continents under the Monroe Doctrine?' Those who can see nothing in 'these painful efforts to organise a more stable world save designs for fresh imperialistic wars' must support their fears by something better than a vague playing with the labels.

The Times

Britain Missing the Boat!

Something seems to be drastically wrong with the way in which Britain's story is not being told in the liberated countries of Europe.

Everyone returning from Europe has the same tale to tell. Officials, business men and newspaper correspondents are appalled at the ignorance regarding this country that today prevails throughout the Continent.

The English do not go to France now that it has been liberated by the Americans! Many of them do not yet know that British troops have fought on French soil.

And in the capital itself there are still many thousands of people who do not yet realise that British soldiers are today fighting on nearly every battlefront!

The question naturally arises as to who is responsible for correcting this state of affairs.

In an effort to answer that one, *World's Press News* first approached the European Division of the M.O.I., but was told that propaganda on the Continent would probably be the concern of Foreign Office News Division. An official there, however, said, 'It certainly is not us; try the Overseas Division.' *World's Press News*

'Hullo, old man, remember me, Pringle of the underwear?'
DRAPER'S RECORD

'Our Friend Franco'

To understand what is happening on the Franco-Spanish border at the present moment, one has to remember than in Spain the consequences of the Civil War are still profoundly felt. On the one hand, over half a million political prisoners are still in jails, against many of whom no charges of any kind have been preferred. They are the terrible 'residues' of the Civil War. Some time ago acts of amnesty were passed by Franco's Government, but only a small percentage of the prisoners were liberated, far from sufficient to pacify large sections of the Spanish workers. Recently Spanish political prisoners, who had spent years in prison, have been again executed, in some cases without having stood their trial.

On the other hand, ever since the Civil War, in the mountainous districts of Spain there has existed a local Spanish 'Maquis', composed of men who would not go to prison and could not return to normal life. Moreover, tens of thousands of 'Reds' have found refuge in France, where they lived in internment camps under difficult, not to say terrible, conditions. During the German Occupation the Nazis, desperately short of labour, employed the Spanish 'Reds'. Last, but not least, all over the Iberian Peninsula and in the South of France, hundreds of ex-members of the International Brigade are moving about.

Whitehall News

'Our Oldest Ally'

Though it is politic to maintain the fiction that our ancient ally Portugal is a friendly neutral, her Government has odd ways of displaying the friendship. The censorship, for which, of course, the Goverment is responsible, deliberately weights the scales against the Allies even now. In Allied messages the 'massacre of Jews' is altered to 'persecution', a 'gigantic crime' becomes merely 'a crime'. When the Germans in Normandy are reported to be using 'houses, churches, and other buildings' for defence, the censor deletes 'churches'; nor will he allow the Portuguese to read Mr. Herbert Morrison's statement that the use of the flying bomb is one of the Nazis' last acts of desperation that will not affect the result of the war. Yet at the same time the censor allows anti-British and anti-American propaganda to appear and such false statements as that the Americans have lost half a million men in occupying one five-hundredth of France. That the Portuguese papers should be permitted (even encouraged) to pursue a bitterly anti-Russian line is in keeping with this general attitude of the Portuguese dictatorship. It evidently fears rather than welcomes an Allied victory. These things should not be forgotten. When the reaction against the Portuguese variety of dictatorship and corporatism sets in, there should be no misplaced sympathy here.

World Press Review

'Robbery of Credit'

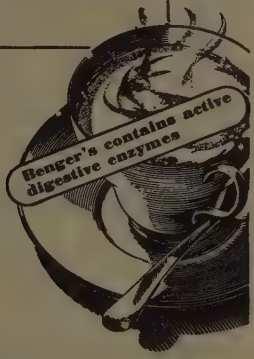
If we were to tell the editors of *March of Time* that they were thieves and robbers, they would probably be hurt and offended. We know they would never dream of picking the pocket of a pal: why, then, seek to filch the credit rightly belonging to their friends? We cannot see any moral difference between the two acts. . . . A poor Press has greeted *March of Time's* latest release, 'Strategy of Liberation', because of its extreme partiality to the Stars and Stripes and its unfair suppression and playing down of the parts performed by the British, Canadian and French Forces in a theme which purports to tell the tale of history from Normandy to Brussels. One critic, in fact, goes so far as to demand that the film should be banned because of its misleading and impertinent 'misrepresentation'—to use the most polite word available—climaxing in crediting the Mulberry Harbour to American engineers, when, in fact, the originator was a British naval officer, and the fulfilment represented the work of 30,000 British men and women over a long period.

World's Press News

Toad in the hole

—— dominoes

in the basement



COOKED-UP FOOD hastily consumed in overcrowded cafes is giving people indigestion who never had it before the war. REST the digestion and you provide the right conditions for it to protect itself. Follow this simple rule: After a tiring day drink a cup of Benger's Food. It will soothe your stomach and give it a chance to recover. Benger's provides the warmth and nourishment you need whilst giving your digestion rest and strength.

BENGER'S

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BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

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The Railways are responsible for getting the raw materials and the workers to the war factories; for carrying the finished products to the ports; for transporting troops and their equipment to points of embarkation.

Wise pre-vision and long-term planning in the years before the war prepared the Railways for their great task.

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Your drinking water must be pure . . .

STILL MALVERN WATER the purest known water, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain. Specially recommended by the medical profession because of its purity and freedom from mineral content, it is supplied in sealed bottles (extra large size). No home should be without a supply of Still Malvern Water, against possible emergency.

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Chemists and Grocers.

ST. ANNE'S WELL MALVERN

COLWALL SPRINGS Nr. MALVERN

Russian Censors Don't Work on Sunday

'COVERING the Balkans is by no means an easy job,' Cedric Salter, *Daily Express* correspondent just returned from Turkey, told *World's Press News* recently.

Salter, who was among the first group of five correspondents to arrive at Bucharest on 1 September—when Rumania was still technically at war with the Allies—said that on his arrival there he found a complete breakdown in communications.

'For the first fortnight,' he said, 'I could get no word from our London office, and London cable offices refused all cables emanating from Rumania. The only way we could contact London was via a neutral country, such as Switzerland or Turkey. That meant that many of the despatches did not reach London until four or five days after filing.'

World's Press News

U.S. Currency in British Possessions

WHILE the currency problems arising from the liberation of Europe have received wide publicity, those connected with the liberation of the Pacific have largely escaped public attention. It is not generally known, for instance, that the Hawaiian dollar is being extensively used in liberated British territories. It is difficult to see any justification for resorting to that solution. In Dutch New Guinea the currency used by the liberating Allied troops is the guilder issued under the authority of the Netherlands East Indies Government. There seems to be every reason for using British currency in territories of British possessions. There is, of course, much to be said in favour of issuing military currency in newly-liberated zones, until all possibility of Japanese reconquest has been ruled out. Even so, the currency used should be the military pound, not the military dollar.

It is important that the prestige of Great Britain be fully restored in liberated British territories of the Pacific. On such territories the currency issued should be British. The Dutch have appreciated the significance of this factor and safeguarded their interests. To be fair, it must be admitted that there was more time for the Dutch authorities to make their arrangements. Even so, Great Britain would do well to follow the Dutch example. There has now been ample time to take the necessary steps.

British Malaya

'*Maybe he* knows *something*' NEW YORKER

Mystery of Libya

THE future of Libya is of considerable concern both to Arab nationalism and to the whole Moslem world. The Moslems of the Senoussi Order claim their old sovereignty over this territory, where for over a century they carried out reforms which are a source of pride to the whole of Islam. The Senoussi State was an experiment of which some analogies may be found in the history of Christian Europe, that is on the island of Malta, which, until the Napoleonic wars, when France and subsequently Britain took possession of it, was ruled by an Order of Knights. The Senoussi Order is composed of Moslems from all over the world. They must be learned scholars in theology and men of military and administrative abilities. Sons of the Senoussi are only admitted to the order on qualifications of personal merit.

The Senoussi laid trade routes across the desert; they planted a great number of oases, and were daring explorers. The cruel war which the Italians made on them from 1911 to 1930 (for, as a matter of fact, Libya was never fully pacified despite Graziani's harsh methods) filled the whole Moslem world with indignation, and became known to Europe by the remarkable book of the Danish Orientalist, Knud Holmboe, the only European who succeeded in reaching the Senoussi guerillas who were fighting Graziani. The restoration of Libya has today the sympathy of Egypt and of the whole Arab world. Britain's relations to Islam would be improved by aid to a new Arab State grateful to the liberator. Some concessions may be granted to Italy concerning the port of Tripoli and the towns on the seaside built by the Italians between 1911 and 1940.

Whitehall News

'And may I ask, what gives you the impression I practise an under-the-counter trade?' MEN'S WEAR

A.B.C. of Racialism

It was high time that Europeans in South Africa, English as well as Afrikaans-speaking, who agreed on the colour question, should prepare plans for co-operation against its threatening dangers, said Dr. E. G. Jansen at the Congress on Afrikaner Racial Policy at Bloemfontein.

It was a matter, not of politics, but of self-preservation. There might be differences of opinion, but Europeans in South Africa would agree on the following points:

1. There must be no equality.
2. The mixing of blood must be prevented.
3. The European population must not follow a policy that could lead to the government of the country falling eventually into non-European hands.
4. Europeans must bear the responsibility for the welfare and development of the non-European population.

The European population of Natal was to be admired for the attitude it had taken on the Indian question. The ideal solution was to adopt measures to buy out Indians gradually and to remove them from the country. In the meantime, it was necessary that the further purchase of land by Indians should be stopped; that Indian penetration in European residential areas be prevented, and that there should be separation between Europeans and Indians in every sphere.

South Africa

'Mr. Hulton's Trouble and Mr. Morgenthau's Muddle'

Lately the Fate has not been very kind to the Editor of *Picture Post*, Mr. Edward Hulton. In his paper he complains bitterly about being bombarded by pamphlets containing an incredible number of muddled, contradictory and each-other-opposing ideas. Amongst others he says: 'But what is the editor, or the serious citizen, to do about all these pamphlets? Undoubtedly a careful study of objective material, such as can be obtained from impartial organisations like Chatham House, should supplement hobnobbing with fanatics from Cetinje and Philippopolis . . .'

I am what Mr. Hulton would probably call a 'fanatic from Prague', and I am proud of it. But it is not my fault that British political Editors and serious citizens are being troubled by funny 'fanatics' from 'unknown' Continental countries. For this the international political situation is to be blamed; a situation created by the policy of the Great Powers, mainly by British policy between the two world wars. Owing to this situation, Great Britain today is faced with the task of leading and organising the European nations.'

Czech National Union Leaflet

Butter to Turn Purple?

A timely note has just been sent out by the margarine industry relative to the colour of the product—timely because of the remarks on the subject made by A. D. Lynch, secretary-manager of Sanitary Milk Producers.

Mr. Lynch wrote that dairymen did not object to the colouring of margarine so long as yellow, 'the distinctive natural colour of butter', was not used; and he was good enough to suggest several colours: red, blue, purple, green.

Now from the margarine industry comes this pertinent note on colour:

'Margarine, derived mainly from cottonseed and soybean oils, is a naturally yellow product which present Federal law requires to be bleached white and artificial colouring added.'

Yellow, it seems, is the 'distinctive natural colour'—to borrow Mr. Lynch's words—of margarine also. Is there any reason, in Mr. Lynch's philosophy, why its natural colour should be permitted to one of these products and not to the other?—and if so, why should it not be butter that must be bleached and artificially coloured? Or would it be better to give the two products an equal start and require both of them to be coloured in some attractive shade, say purple?

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

'Milk of Magnesia' (Regd.) Tablets

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

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MODEL CITIZEN

Dear Mr. Gerald,

I am sorry that this is such an ornate and quite unsuitable Birthday Greetings Card, not in the best of taste, either, but the only one they had. With all the good news that we get it is hard not to fall a victim to optimism which is well known to cause a drop in the national moral. However, I trust you will not think me unpatriotic in moving a couple of bottles of Rose's Lime Juice from the cellar up to the sideboard. Just as a precaution against any unforeseen celebrations.

Yours pessimistically,

Albert Hawkins

Ex-Sergeant, Home Guard

ROSE'S — *There is no substitute*

'You've no idea what I had to go through to get this buggy'
NEW YORKER

Freedom In Eire

ACCORDING to the *Iris Oifigiuil*, dated 10 November 1944, the following books have been prohibited in Eire on the ground that they are 'in their general tendency indecent':

Rogue's Lute, by Philip Rush (Dakers); *Hallelujah*, by Fannie Hirst (Harper, New York and London); *Here where the World is Quiet*, by Hubert Nicholson (Heinemann); *Stephen Hero*, by James Joyce (Cape); *The Tree in the Yard*, by Betty Smith (Heinemann); *The Grand Design*, by David Pilgrim (Macmillan); *Being Met Together*, by Vaughan Wilkins (Cape); *Hotel Berlin '43*, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York); *Robert Cain*, by William Russell (Nicholson & Watson); *Sydney Duck*, by Eric Baume (Hutchinson); *The 6,000 Beards of Athos*, by Ralph H. Brewster (Penguin Books); *At the Feet of Gamaliel*, by Simon Dewes (Rich & Cowan); *The Tears of Peace*, by Countess Barcynska (Rich & Cowan); *Sun Over the Palms*, by Paschoal Carlos Magno (Constable); *Mother Finds a Body*, by Gipsy Rose Lee (Lane); *A Parson's Daughter*, by Muriel Jardine Parsloe (Faber); *Sexual Anomalies and Perversions*, by Professor Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld (Aldor).

The following book is prohibited on the grounds that 'it advocates the unnatural prevention of conception':

Right Marriage, by F. Barry, Claud Mullins and Douglas White, M.A., M.D. (Student Christian Movement Press, Ltd.).

The Bookseller

The Printer's Devil?

NO matter how careful you may be, things go wrong in newspapers. You may have wondered when you read my paragraph last week headed 'The Change in Funerals' at the sentence, 'When the Dean preached about Dr. Temple, he said: "He's gone the spirits is no offence, but pretending. He would not have had that".'

A line from an adjoining column, which was not there when I passed the proof, had crept in. The dean's words were: 'He has gone to fresh activity, not to sleep in peace. He would not have had that.'

How mistakes like this happen I do not know.

Psychic News

Greater than New York Times

WE walk more slowly than we used to, possibly because of some molecular change, and this sometimes keeps overheard conversations within earshot longer than before. The other day, on Park Avenue, we caught quite a sizable chunk of an argument between a young man and his woman companion as they strolled by us. He was defending the New York *Times* as a great institution, but the lady sniffed. 'Well, what's greater than the New York *Times*?' he demanded. Her answer was the last word we caught. 'Love,' said the lady promptly and firmly.

New Yorker

Abiding Fame!

Sometime ago *Life's* 'Letters to the Editors' column included a picture of a Liberator bomber named 'Life', along with a glowing note reporting that the pilot had named it after his 'favourite picture magazine'. We were a bit stirred up over this, in a friendly, unjealous way, since, to the best of our knowledge, no aeroplane has been named after this magazine, or even a jeep. A few days later, however, we got a letter from an American Air Forces lieutenant stationed in Brazil, which renewed our vanity and, as far as we are concerned, put 'Life' completely in the shade. In the letter was a clipping from the daily bulletin sent out by the commanding officer of the lieutenant's outfit, which read:—

'The house of prostitution in the city of Fortaleza, known as the "New Yorker", is hereby declared "Off Limits" to all American Army, Navy and civilian personnel'.

The New Yorker

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
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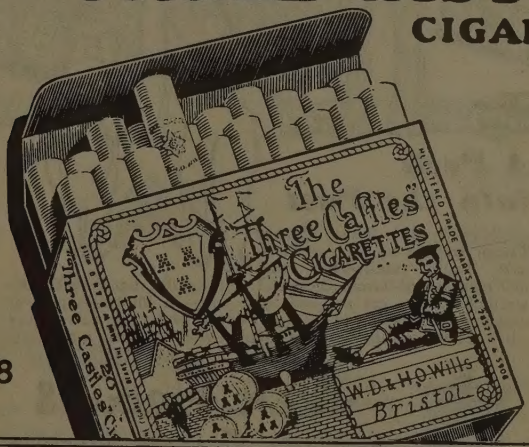
WILLS'S **"THREE CASTLES"**
CIGARETTES



20 for 2'8

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray—"The Virginians"

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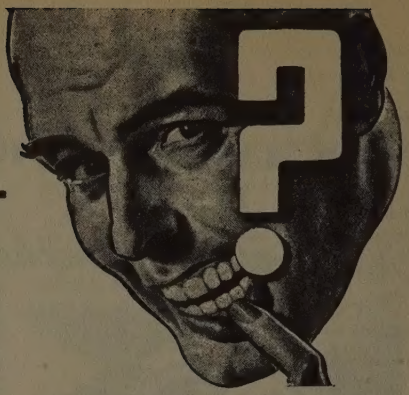

Don't ignore a speck of blood on your toothbrush. It is a warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). Use "S.R." Toothpaste, which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own remedy for gum troubles.

1/3 *(including tax)*

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

Return all empty tubes to your retailer and help the Red Cross & St. John Fund

GR 137A-708-120

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A Peek into the Past

What a fine fellow Custard Cream was, to be sure—a short-cake Biscuit sandwiched with delicious custard-flavoured cream! No wonder that Peek Frean's wartime biscuits are so good, with such an illustrious pre-war ancestry. These pre-war favourites will be back again after victory when zoning and limitation of supplies will be merely a memory.

Peek Frean's

BRITAIN'S CRISPEST BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

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